



Vol. V

SEPTEMBER, 1925

No. 2

Current Fact and Comment

Nicaea or Fosdick

THE sixteenth centenary of the great Council of Nicaea happily coincides with the rather acute phase of the modernist controversy. The coincidence should stir inquiry as to the real basis of religious truth: whether we are to place reliance upon free, private research and judgment or upon tradition.

The occasion sets up in sharp relief two types of religious guides with their diverse credentials. Both have been presenting their claims over a sufficient period of time to enable us to judge which more satisfactorily presents the necessary element of stability in matters of faith. For, the principle of modernism is quite as old as human thought.

That principle—the individual's right to examine and judge the source and sense of revelation, and to adjust revelation to scientific discovery—applied in the realm of faith, has done nought to make faith a firm and consistent consent of the mind, a plausible and secure motive of right living in view of man's immortality. It is essentially a method of compromise and those who have thought thereby to flatter and attract human reason have made reason only the more intolerant of religion.

On the contrary, tradition holds us to a straight course. Its reliance is upon the original and reasonably established deposit of faith and the subsequent interpretation of it by keen and capable minds. Such were the Fathers who assembled at Nicaea in the fourth century. They were concerned with Arius, prototype of the modernists, who would make void the mystery of Redemption by saying of Christ:

There was a time when He was not; He was made of non-existent things, not born of the Father's substance; of time, not of eternity; in no sense True God of True God, but created out of nothing; less than the Father, changeable in will and nature.

We may not deny that the Nicæan Fathers were qualified to refute these vital errors and to define the True God of True God.

But what should interest us chiefly is that the Fathers based their definition on tradition, on what they had received. This is pointed out by Dr. Perceval in *The Seven Oecumenical Councils*:

The question the Fathers considered was not what they supposed Holy Scripture might mean, nor what they, from *a priori* arguments, thought would be consistent with the mind of God, but something entirely different, to wit, what they had received. . . . When the time came, in the Fourth Council, to examine the Tome of Pope St. Leo, the question was not whether it could be proved to the satisfaction of the assembled Fathers from Holy Scriptures, but whether it was the traditional faith of the Church. It was not the doctrine of Leo in the fifth century, but the doctrine of Peter in the first, and of the Church since then, that they desired to believe and to teach.

Ireland and Our Sisterhoods

IRELAND has been familiar to us as a perennial source of missionary vocations. Evidently the vicissitudes of its recent political history have not disturbed the spiritual environment in which those vocations are fostered. And in every corner of the globe the Faith is still propagated and sustained through the migration of Irish men and women.

Annually deputations from our missionary Sisterhoods return with groups of Irish girls willing to leave all and serve their neighbor after the manner assigned to the various Orders. Their destination is invariably the remote sections of the West and South where the Faith must have languished were it not for their presence and unselfish labors.

For years the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word have thus recruited their ranks and have maintained the efficiency of their organization in the remote regions of the Southwest. Their experience has encouraged them to establish a foundation in Ireland as a more economical and efficient means of attracting and assembling candidates.

They have purchased Carrigoran, the former estate of Lady Fitzgerald in the County Clare,

THE † SIGN

with seventy acres of land and what is said to be one of the finest mansions in that section. Lest it be deemed an extravagant investment, it is advisable to state that the cost was but £5,750.

The Mother of Sorrows

WE take a seasonable thought from the address to the American War Mothers delivered in Washington while he was Vice-President by that rare soul and great-hearted American, the lamented Thomas Marshall:

"There is a religious communion that venerates a type of woman—the Blessed Virgin. It delights me to consider her the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of God Incarnate upon earth. I do not myself happen to be a communicant of that great Church; but I hope I shall not be violating any of the proprieties when I say that the feelings of those communicants from the divine standpoint have appealed to me from the human standpoint.

I have thought of her as typical of the mothers of all the ages, even though they have been compelled to stand and see their sons suffer in the cause of justice and humanity; have been compelled to see their little prattling babes grow up to stalwart manhood and face the hour of duty, of service and of sacrifice; who have watched them sad-eyed and broken hearted as they marched to martial strains along the highway of duty to the Calvary of supreme sacrifice in the cause in which they believed.

She, the typical mother of all time, has glorified and beautified and made sacred motherhood in all the ages, and all times, but particularly has she made sacred that motherhood, which for a cause, in which the son believes, has been ready and willing that the son should give up his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the accomplishment of his noble ideal."

China and the "Foreign Devils"

WHETHER or not the present uprising in China against the foreign powers is due to Soviet instigation it is evident that any group, wishing so to instigate this people, must have found the ground already prepared for them. It is all due to the serious indiscretions of the foreigners themselves. "Foreign devils" is an ugly term but it is significant of a justifiable attitude of mind. That attitude has been gradually assumed through observation of conduct unwise and unjust from the native viewpoint.

It would have been otherwise had the natives

no other opportunity to appraise western civilization than that under which Christian missionaries consistently presented it, although John Brailsford, editor of the *Japan Chronicle*, in a long list of instances of bullying the natives, declares that he has seen even a missionary err to the point of using his boot.

In the concessions and European quarters, according to this authority, the natives are cuffed and booted by ill-tempered masters for the merest foibles. Not infrequently are they killed. Likewise are they at a painful disadvantage in seeking justice and retribution in the constituted courts where a conspiracy of silence surrounds the proceedings. On the other hand their own misdemeanors are loudly heralded and grossly exaggerated, and executions are swift and frequent. There is also sharp criticism of what is called "gunboat justice" and it is very doubtful whether due moderation attends this method of suppressing their uprisings.

Despite their languid manners and air of stoicism the Chinese are normally human with the instinct of self-preservation and with family ties rooted in deep affection. Hence the present hysteria begotten of fear and hatred of those who not only treat them with contempt and violence but bar the way to retribution and to security for their lives and possessions.

Evolution vs. Sodium Sulphate

MANY bright but sophistical writers are entertaining the public with descriptions of the ultimate phase of evolution when "men will be like gods."

Eliminating the romantic from their writings, we might admit that, if the theory of evolution is true, there should be progressive physical perfection of the human race along with the development of civilization.

But neither biology nor the practical science of medicine lend confirmation to this view. On the latter authority particularly we deduce that man's physical perfection has been retarded in the degree in which he has become merged in the environment of so-called civilization.

Thus typical of the causes of his breakdown is the disease that now leads in lowering the average of the duration of human life. Specialists agree in tracing this disease to habits superinduced by civilization. And they are unanimous in calling it—cancer—a "filth disease." We who look with disdain upon the sanitary and culinary habits of savages and Orientals are advised that in our per-

THE † SIGN

sonal habits we are really not so clean as they, despite our drains, our ablutions and all our superficial cultural practices and paraphernalia.

Moreover, statistics concerning cancer show that the races laying claim to the greatest advance in material civilization contribute mostly to the high average of mortality from it, the Nordics leading the list and the Latins and Asiatics trailing at the bottom.

According to Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, developing this theme in the *Dearborn Independent*, the discovery of the cancer germ is of minor import. Cancer never attacks a healthy tissue or organ. Cancer is the last stage in a series of ailments brought about by bad drainage of the system. Sir Lane is rather rabid on this human drainage idea and is quite frank in expressing himself. Thus he addresses his civilized audience:

Nobody would treat other persons as he treats his own cells. Imagine a man having a great house and filling it with guests, then stopping the sewer and filling the rooms each day with a number of dead rats.... On the theory that most persons care more about themselves than they do about anybody else we can at least imagine such treatment of guests by a host. But how can we account for such treatment of the little cells that live in our houses and are ourselves?....

Nothing is the matter with the body. It was made right. The matter lies with us. We have suddenly changed our methods of living. We call this change civilization.

The Bane of Heckling

EVERYONE, from experience, is aware of the disadvantages of quarrelling. Public controversies, likewise, are futile or issue in a deeper rooting of mutual animosity, when passion and prejudice are not duly controlled.

In England heckling is a common practice and the speakers of the Catholic Evidence Guild who regularly discourse in the parks and other public places are especially trained in rejoinder. As they must often take their stand amid a motley array of orators propounding the wierdest theories about ethics, socialism and religion, they must likewise be expert in competing for the attention of the audience.

It has been discovered, paradoxically enough, that the speaker with the most indefensible cause will generally draw the largest group of hearers at these out-door forums. This is due directly to the fact that he will be most vulnerable to heckling. And it is the heckling feature that mainly attracts the crowd, most of whom are more eager for entertainment than for the clear exposition of a subject or for a sharp line of argument.

Hence a recent formal appeal of the Guild speakers that over-zealous Catholics abstain entirely from heckling anti-Catholic speakers.

At the same time it is intimated that a Catholic should be equipped with something more than zeal and fervor in drawing the fire of the enemy. Besides, where there is a surfeit of taunts and repartee in any controversy, the old saying applies: "Arguments make three enemies to one friend."

Providing for the Hebrew Sabbath

A FRESH copy of the *Daily Palestine Bulletin* at hand presents us with an interesting view of life and ambitions among the heterogeneous population of the Holy Land.

Despite all the enthusiastic propaganda, the resulting immigration of Jews has not altered their meagre proportions to the whole population. Thus the Hebrew press is rebuked for its opposition to Lord Plummer, successor to the Hebrew, Sir Herbert Samuel, as High Commissioner:

The appointment of a High Commissioner concerns the whole of Palestine, of which the Jewish National Home is a very small part.... From the comments in the press one might imagine that the Jews were the only inhabitants of Palestine worthy of consideration, and that for the British Government to appoint a High Commissioner without their sanction was a piece of impertinence. Until the Jews realize that they are a small minority in the country and learn to take their place as such, they will have many disappointments and many bitter pills to swallow.

Under the heading, "Jewish Impudence" there is the report of an Arab riding on a bicycle through Tel-Aviv streets on a Friday evening and being stopped by a Jew who told him that it is prohibited to ride on Saturdays within the Tel-Aviv area. Were it not for the intervention of other Jews who apologized that the impudent disturber thought the man on the bicycle was a Jew, the matter would have taken a regrettable course. The account ends with an amicable note: "We call the attention of the government to this matter and point this out to those intelligent Jews who emphasize their desire to live in peace and friendship with the Arabs, for these facts may result in unhappy incidents."

Which reminds us that the Jewish Sabbath has already become a serious problem in this Christian country. Jews are not hesitating to demand a rearrangement of institutional and municipal schedules to provide for their Sabbath observance. Rabbi Herbert L. Goldstein, having represented to Mayor Hylan that the graduation exercises of a city high school were scheduled for a Friday night and that a Jewish young lady was unable to take a

THE † SIGN

teachers' examination held on a Saturday morning, concludes:

As President of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, I call upon you to safeguard the religious rights of a large part of the citizenry of our greater city.

I hereby formally demand that these dates be changed and that the Superintendent of the Board of Education be notified that hereafter no events be arranged by the Board of Education from Friday sundown to Saturday sundown.

Hebrew orthodoxy is to be commended for its strict interpretation of the Sabbath law. But we may not commend it altogether without reservation. Without meriting the suspicion of laxity or opportunism, there might be an accommodation to circumstances, even as the Catholic conscience is directed on holydays without seriously disturbing social and industrial life in communities where they are in a majority.

The Sunday Conscience

REFERRING to Henry Ford's Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railway, the *Michigan Manufacturer and Financial Record* informs us that there is a general shutdown on Sundays. The only employes at work at all on Sundays are those engine hostlers who may be required to report for work late Sunday evening to prepare engines for early departure Monday morning, or to care for engines which tie up late Saturday evening. Trains are not sent out of terminals on Saturdays unless there is sufficient time under normal conditions for them to reach their destinations before midnight. The entire property is idle on Sunday, the stations being closed and even the crossing watchmen off duty.

It must be granted that such regulation contributes to an ideal condition and that the population would be vastly benefited were a general effort made to reduce the number of occupations that are only incidentally necessary on the Lord's Day.

But we seem far removed from such an ideal condition. The concessions providing for legitimate recreation in favor of those who are the slaves of our industrial system all the rest of the week imply that even the means of transportation be kept in operation on Sunday.

Nevertheless, this concession is concerned with a divine commandment and demands an exertion on the part of the conscience not to abuse it.

Industrialism has completely changed the character of our recreation. There has been distinctly a deterioration from the spiritual and wholesome to the worldly and distracting.

In olden times folks never got far from home or the village green and, consequently, never utterly

lost their sense of the divine omnipresence. Such is the atmosphere of the modern Sunday that the earnest Christian is left to his own good will to distinguish it from any other day, and to keep himself uncontaminated by the sort of diversion that are tolerated upon it.

Father Albert Phelan, C. P.

FATHER Albert Phelan, C. P., died in the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburgh, August 1. His death was the rather sudden culmination of a long period of illness during which he continued to exercise the ministry with characteristic energy.

Father Albert was born in Ballyraggett, Ireland, June 29, 1861. He took the vows of a Passionist in the novitiate at Pittsburgh, May 14, 1882, and was ordained May 26, 1888.

He served a term as Provincial Consultor and was Rector successively of the Cincinnati, Dunkirk and Scranton monasteries. As a preacher he was extraordinarily impressive and he was constantly engaged in conducting missions. There are thousands who will commend his soul to the Divine Mercy remembering how he revealed to them the depth and breath of that Mercy even as his own brethren will gratefully remember one whose talents were so joyously and tirelessly devoted to spreading the kingdom of the Crucified.

Your Co-operation Earnestly Requested

THE National Catholic Conference is aware that the ghost of Birth Control has not been laid. It reminds us that the defenders of the movement, whose bill to make the U. S. mails an instrument of propaganda of their ends and methods failed to be reported out of committee in the latest session of Congress, have prepared a similar bill for the next session and that every endeavor will be made to have it enacted into law.

The N. C. W. C. is likewise aware that the most effective and impressive way to repel this national menace is by a widespread and equally earnest manifestation of interest in rebuttal of it.

To this end, a series of leaflets stating the arguments against Birth Control, from Catholic and non-Catholic sources, have been prepared for free distribution, and may be obtained by writing to the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1313 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

We urge our readers to take advantage of this opportunity to keep themselves informed and prepared to coöperate in the defeat of this iniquitous propaganda.

Shenchowfu

The Passionist Prefecture in Hunan, China

By CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P.

THE Passionist Prefecture of North-West Hunan comprises an area of 15,400 square miles, equalling in extent the combined areas of the States of Delaware, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. It lies between the 27° and 29° of N. latitude and between 109° and 111° of E. longitude. The territory, were it superimposed on that of North America, would fall entirely within the borders of the Gulf of Mexico.

A European or an American accustomed to a temperate climate would find that of Hunan a severe tax upon his constitution. The summers are long; the temperature, for weeks together, oscillating between 90° and 103°, the torrid heat aggravated

by a high degree of humidity. The autumn months are more moderate, though interspersed by intensely hot spells. Snow falls in winter, but quickly vanishes, the temperature seldom falling, nor long remaining, much below freezing point. The winter season is relieved by periods of warmth and sunshine—a grateful boon to a land where little provision is made against the rigors of climate. Spring is born over

is often long drawn out—extending over a period of from six to two months. Hard on the health both of natives and of foreigners, the rainy weeks, if unpleasant and unwholesome, are absolutely needful, for upon an abundant rainfall depends the rice crop which feeds the populace. The semitropical heat of summer takes heavy toll of the missionary's physical strength and nervous energy and lays a chafing curb upon apostolic zeal.

THE region is mountainous; its scenery, varied, always lovely, in places grand. Of highways such as Westerners understand the term—broad macadamized roads for vehicles and men—there are none: in their place, linking together city and city, town and town, village and village, now following the course of a river or stream, now

winding in and out of the hills, now skirting their base, now mounting their crest, are either, the *ma lo* or horse roads—the ancient mandarin routes—once built of heavy flagstones laid side to side but today, through long use and lack of repair, broken, disjointed, jagged, along which mule or pony picks his steps with difficulty; or, sinuous paths worn hard, not by the mechanical devices of a modern road-builder, but by



AT THE SHENCHOWFU MISSION

Some Passionist Missionaries with two Chinese Generals. The one in Chinese garb is the Catholic General, Paul Tsen Hung Hai.

fight. The alternations in temperature at this season are both frequent and considerable.

The rainy season coincides with early spring; it

the immemorial tread of sandaled feet.

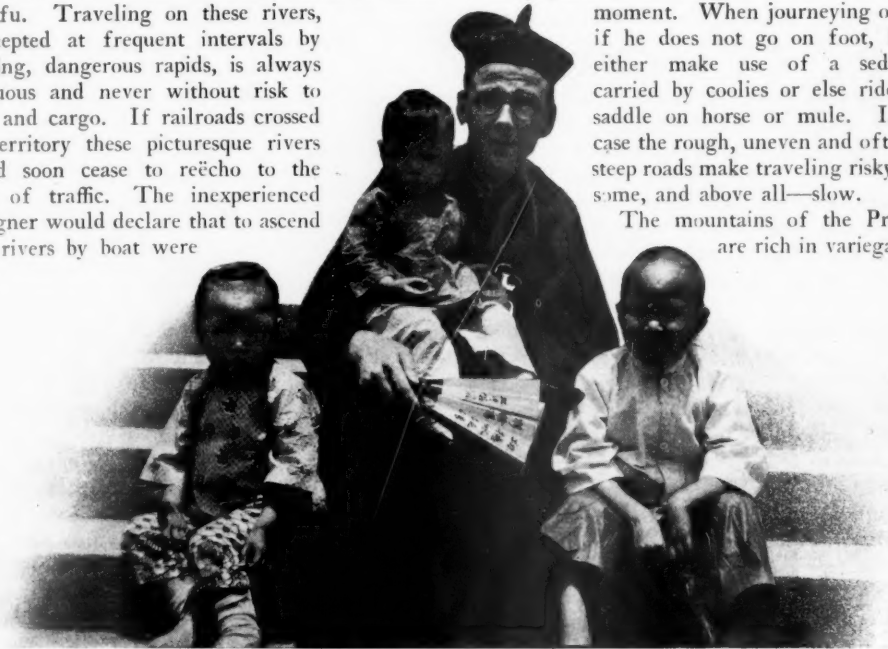
The three main arteries of travel through the Passionist district are: the Yuan River, which in

THE † SIGN

its north-easterly course to Tung Ling Lake, bisects the Prefecture; the Mayang River, a tributary of the Yuan, which affords an approach to the neighboring province of Kweichow; and the North River which links the important missionary stations of the north-west with the central mission of Shenchowfu. Traveling on these rivers, intercepted at frequent intervals by swirling, dangerous rapids, is always strenuous and never without risk to crew and cargo. If railroads crossed the territory these picturesque rivers would soon cease to reëcho to the noise of traffic. The inexperienced foreigner would declare that to ascend such rivers by boat were

takes ten or eleven days. From Shenchowfu to Yuanchow, as the crow flies, is not more than six or five miles, yet by sampan, a journey of two weeks. In this mode of travel the missionary must bear with all manner of delays; be prepared for the loss of his equipment; be ready to face death at any moment. When journeying overland, if he does not go on foot, he must either make use of a sedan-chair carried by coolies or else ride in the saddle on horse or mule. In either case the rough, uneven and often times steep roads make traveling risky, wearisome, and above all—slow.

The mountains of the Prefecture are rich in variegated



FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, PASSIONIST MISSIONARY IN HUNAN, CHINA

"The two little tots—boy and girl—are the Mission Catechist's two children. The small boy with the missing tooth wants to be my Mass server—a post of honor amongst all Mission boys."

an impossible feat; not so the native. For centuries his forefathers have fought with herculean effort against nature's barriers and have won. The battle still goes on. The voyage of every boat is the individual story of dogged endurance, great physical effort, unconscious courage. The wreckage which strews the banks of these rivers eloquently tells of the heavy cost in human life and property exacted in this wrestle with the forces of nature.

THE ordinary conveyance for travelling by water is the sampan, a long narrow craft propelled by oars and frequently furnished with a sail; the center is covered over by a conical hood made of basket-weave; comfort plays no part in the construction of these boats. When going with the current the sampan makes fair time but when mounting up stream progress is extremely slow and hazardous. A modern express train travels one hundred and fifty miles in three hours; this distance, from Changteh to Shenchowfu, by sampan,

and await the advent of foreign capital to develop them. In places large quantities of antimony are at present being mined. Large areas in the south are still under forests; great rafts of high market value are continually being floated down the Yangtze River across the Tung Ling Lake to the Yangtze River. Rice, tea, and various vegetables are grown. The populace depends for its subsistence almost entirely upon the local rice crop. An abundant harvest of rice means good times and prosperity; a sparse yield begets suffering, hard times, famine. The ever-present possibility of want and famine due to total dependence upon nature to furnish food is normally something which closer and more frequent means of communication between this district and other parts of Hunan and China, coupled with scientific methods of irrigation, alone can remove.

The topsy-turvy condition in which Hunan, common with all China, finds itself today, with the consequent impoverishment of the people and the manacle of any community initiative, places

THE † SIGN



RT. REV. DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C. P.

Recently appointed Prefect Apostolic of the Passionist Missions in Hunan, is in the center. The man behind him is his Catechist. The man in the fur cap is one of the best barbers in Shenchowfu—a splendid Christian. The little boy is a Mass server. At Father Dominic's left are Fathers Clement Seybold, C. P., and Paul Ubinger, C. P.

manly speaking, the accomplishment of these sorely-needed improvements beyond the reach of the present generation.

The population of the Prefecture of North West Hunan is about 4,500,000, of which number about 2,000 are Catholics. The Prefecture has at present seven main or central stations and twenty-five out-stations. There are four churches and twenty-six chapels; fifteen boys' schools and eleven girls' schools. Besides these, each central mission has a double catechumenate, one for the men and the other for women, wherein the catechumens are during the period of their instruction; likewise each central mission has a dispensary to which daily flock Christians and pagans flock for succor in their physical ills. There are still in the district populous villages within those walls a Catholic missionary has never as yet set foot.

THE Passionist Missionary in his field of labor meets the same obstacles to the propagation of the Gospel as confront his fellow missionaries throughout the length and breadth of China. He works in the midst of a paganism entrenched behind a tradition of three thousand years and which

loses itself in the mists of history; in the midst of a paganism which makes known its presence not only by the number of temples, shrines, and pagodas which everywhere dot the landscape, but especially in the frame of mind, the point of view, the cast of heart, and the philosophy of life of them whom for centuries it has moulded. The religion of the people is a blending of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism; it exacts many external forms, it imposes no interior obligations; its adherents are material-minded and engrossed in the things of sense.

Of the world, worldly, the pagan habituated to selfish and material views of life does not readily correspond to the spiritual appeal of the missionary. Only too often the prospective neophyte is attracted to Christianity by motives of self-interest—because of financial help, aid in sickness, protection in time of danger, etc. The missionary makes use of this weakness to draw souls within his influence, trusting in God's grace to effect the miracle of conversion. The waters of Holy Baptism do not eradicate tendencies fostered by generations of pagan ancestry; and the missionary must, therefore, combat with stubborn persistence this spirit of material self-seeking and in season and out of season labor to elevate the minds of his native Christians to supernatural views of life and eternity. The achievement of a Christian out-look on life—an attitude spontaneous and propulsive—is not the work of one day nor of one generation; it will grow and wax strong as the influence of the Church broadens and deepens. If material-mindedness is not the greatest obstacle that confronts the missionary in his work it must surely be reckoned as one of the most formidable.

COUPLED with the practice of religion, or, more correctly, perhaps, part of it, is the family cult of ancestral worship. Within every household there are daily prostrations before the tablets of the ancestors and burning of fresh incense sticks; in April the people everywhere gather at the family graves to sweep and decorate them and worship the departed by burning paper money. This traditional reverence for one's elders carried to the extreme of a religious cult becomes a very real hindrance to the preaching of the true Faith. Diffidence in departing from the religion and practices of them to whom divine honors are being paid, dread of incurring the wrath of the dear departed, unwillingness to break from hallowed family ties, fear lest parents at death have no one to pay becoming homage to their names, all conspire to hold back many a Chinese from entering the true fold. The Savior's dictum that He "came

THE † SIGN

to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law" is a stumbling-block to the Chinese. A hard saying for the worshippers of Confucius is "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," and many there are who will not hear it.

The practice of polygamy so common throughout the Passionist territory places a most discouraging barrier in the way of the missionary. The official attitude of the Republic which frowns upon simultaneous polygamy has small influence upon the conduct of the populace. They who should enforce and uphold the law, loose as it is, are its gravest offenders. The generals in the army—the supposed custodians of law and order—maintain, as accessory to their office, a household of wives. So likewise do other high officials. Thus countenanced, polygamy is widespread; forbidden by written statute, it is sanctioned by custom; divorce laws are no check on the evil; its limitations are set not by respect to a moral law but by practical and material considerations. The keeping of concubines is lawful. In the less overt form of dismissing or forsaking a lawful wife and taking a second or a third, polygamy honeycombs all strata of the social fabric. Women, unless wealthy and hence influential, are impotent to invoke the law in their own defense. How many a prospective convert bars the door of Holy Church against himself by a refusal to accept the law of Christ that a man shall have but one wife!

AS with polygamy so with the cultivation of opium. Officially the Peking government is opposed to the abuse of this drug but unfortunately the arm of the central government is neither long enough nor potent enough to enforce its will upon the provinces. Locally, the growing of opium is encouraged by high officials for purposes of revenue and foreign commercialized governments exploit the poverty and atony of the populace for damnable and selfish ends. Among a population as impoverished as that within the Passionist Prefecture so lucrative a traffic will never want for hands to carry it on; and so long as corrupt public officials and venal commercial agents abet its sale, opium will continue to be a hellish cozenage for the Christian communities. Opium! The heart of every missionary sickens and weeps at the thought. This malefic drug debilitates, deforms, kills; the haggardness, ghastliness, cadaverousness of the physical frame being the outward cicatrice of the blighting, the decay, the death of all interior moral sense and spiritual aspirations in its unfortunate victims.

HUNAN was the last of the provinces in China to admit the foreigner within its borders. Here the upholders of the age-old policy of exclusion fought a hard but losing battle against over-powering and encircling economic forces. The former conservative and passive attitude has been supplanted by an active and aggressive agitation against all foreign influences, whether political, economic, or religious. The hot-bed of this anti-foreign propaganda is the student body of Changsha, the provincial capital. This student alliance has branches throughout the Prefecture, notably the city of Paotsing, where the anti-foreign sentiment is virulent. The resident missionary of the city when attempting to purchase a piece of property for church purposes was made the target of hostile civic demonstrations and for several days at the instigation of the students—dupes of radical propagandists—was subjected to complete boycott.

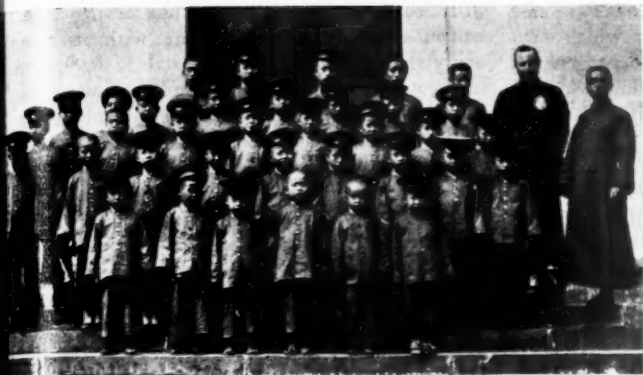
There are many places within the new Prefecture where a white-man is an object of curiosity; there are many localities into which a white-man has not yet penetrated. First im-



A SHENCHOWFU BEGGAR

Shenchowfu always has a large number of beggars but their ranks are hugely augmented by the famine now raging throughout the Passionist mission district.

THE † SIGN



FATHER DOMINIC AND ONE OF THE CATECHISTS
The boys are all Catholics, pupils of the Shenchowfu Mission School.

ons are lasting; when made upon ignorant, prejudiced, fanatical minds they are well nigh inelible. The Chinese do not always make the distinction between foreigners who come into their midst as agents of aggressive governments or of grasping unscrupulous commercial houses and missionaries who come among them for no selfish purpose and whose only aim is to help, to uplift and to save. Now is it cause for wonder that these people do not at once see the difference between the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister both of whom profess to teach in the name of Christ; confusion in the popular mind which works much harm to the Catholic cause. Patience, tact, time, will alone dissipate the bitterness, disabuse prejudice.

WITHIN the Prefecture are at least four Protestant sects, from Europe and America, already strongly established and carrying on an active and energetic campaign. These sects have a principle in all the *Shiens* of North West Hunan with many sub-stations. Each principal mission has a school; two at least have modern hospitals. In Shenchowfu are two distinct denominations—one ante-dating by a number of years the arrival of the Catholic missionary in this city—each denomination having large and richly endowed plants. These comprise churches, hospitals, primary and high schools, dispensaries and preaching halls. Thus the Passionist Missionary, whilst striving to propagate the Kingdom of Christ among the pagan population, must fight to

counteract the influences of heresy. Competition with these Protestant institutions, which never want for lack of men or means, lays a heavy burden, moral and financial, upon the needy Passionist Prefecture.

HUNAN is a province in mid-most China; theoretically vassal to the Peking Government, it is, to all practical purposes, independent. The political status of Hunan reflects in miniature that of the Republic as a whole. There is nominally a central government with constitutional authority over the various *Shiens* or departments into which the

province is politically subdivided but which has little or no coercive power. The province is the stage of meaningless and interminable military operations on the part of petty and ambitious generals who pitilessly exploit the resources of the province for their own aggrandizement and the up-keep of wasteful armies. A domain wherein authority is impotent to sanction its decrees must be the fertile soil of crime and violence. Bandits multiply and thrive, the mountains affording impregnable retreats.

The observer is struck by the odd paradox that whilst the intercourse of neighbor with neighbor is regulated by minute, rigid rules of etiquette, the relations between communities are chaotic; that whilst the local, municipal, civil court adheres to the letter of the written code and functions with extreme punctilio, the criminal court is dominated by the will of the strong and is coolly despotic.



FATHER PAUL U'BINGER A PIONEER PASSIONIST IN CHINA
with some of the school girls and women of the Catechumenate at Shenchowfu.

THE † SIGN

What Hunan is to China, that the Passionist Prefecture is to Hunan; a region in which each *Shien* or department has its own resident general, supreme in his own limited sphere, and having his own immediate army. These war-lords are not always mutually in sympathy, nor on the same side in politics, nor do they always pay allegiance to the central government with whose sanction they are supposed to exercise authority. Their tenure of office depends upon the fortunes of war; wherefore they make the most of their opportunity to enrich themselves at the public expense. Posts in the civil government are sold to the highest bidder; taxes are levied and extorted at the whim of rapacious militarists; when revenues are not forthcoming the rich are squeezed and even tortured; the poor are pillaged.

Cities are the prizes of intrigue, maneuver and, at times, bloodshed; the citizenry has no say as to who shall control them, and no other part to play in their government than to pay the crushing taxes levied upon them, or dumbly to submit to the looting of dislodged, fleeing soldiers. Thus general follows general, tax follows tax, loot follows loot, until the economic state of the spoliated populace can only be described in the words of the prophet: "that which the palmerworm hath left, the locust hath eaten: and that which the locust hath left, the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left, the mildew hath destroyed." (Joel 1/4).

WITH its best youth carrying arms and eating from the public crib which they do nothing to help to fill; with its male laboring class, willy-

nilly, coerced and pommelled into serving as beasts of burden to the commissariat; with its women everywhere filling up the gaps left by the men and shouldering the heaviest burdens; the economic life of the district is perilously near collapse.

The missionary's freedom to carry on his apostolic work is habitually hampered by the peregrinations and depredations of rival armies and by the ever-present menace of predatory, brutal bandits. The resident missionaries in two central missions have been virtual prisoners for twelve months within the mission compounds; their houses have been attacked; their lives have been sought. Since this article was begun the following facts have been reported from different quarters of the Prefecture: the mission property at Wusu, an outstation, was ransacked by marauding soldiers; the City of Kienyang was plundered by an evacuating army and then fired upon with the consequent killing of many civilians; the resident missionary in the latter city while acting in the capacity of peace-maker between the contending parties narrowly escaped with his life; Father Dominic, the Prefect and his companion, while travelling under military guard through the mountains in the north were encountered by bandits; in the subsequent engagement, one soldier was killed and another badly wounded.

From what has been said it will be seen how formidable are the obstacles to the propagation of the Faith in the new Prefecture, and how heavy is the task which confronts the Passionist Missionary in this field. The full record of the three crowded years in which the Passionists have been in Hunan



PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE YUAN

This bridge no longer exists. Headquarters of the Passionist Missions in China may be seen in the background

THE † SIGN

would be the recital of material problems faced and solved, of apostolic disappointments submissively borne with, of difficulties of language tackled and overcome, of age-old prejudices met with and softened, of deep-seated habits of pagan vice probed and healed, of privation and sickness cheerfully put up with, of hazards of travel dauntlessly undertaken, of rigors of climate courageously supported, of abundant spiritual consolation, comforting and inspiring; indeed, the chronicle of these years might well be summarized in the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "in journeying often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, . . . in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

DESPITE the many and serious hindrances to the preaching of the Gospel which the missionaries have daily faced and coped with there has been a very appreciable development in the mission; besides the building of churches, chapels, schools, residences, the number of Christians has steadily increased, which development against great odds augurs a glorious future for the Church in North West Hunan. Indeed, there are not wanting signs that the blessed day of salvation is at hand. The inhabitants have a real, if mistaken, religious sense; they have a vivid appreciation of an after-life; they are ready to discuss religious topics, if not easy to persuade and win over; they are habituated to deprivations and as yet unspoiled by the modern Western craze for ease, pleasure and enjoyment. In this Prefecture, as elsewhere in the Celestial Empire, the traditional, adamant conservatism of the populace is giving unmistakable proofs of yielding to the pressure of modern ideas. This change is evidenced in the disappearance of the male queue, in the prohibition against binding the feet of tiny girls, in a fondness for Western modes of dress, in the adoption of American and European methods in education, in the study by the educated of foreign systems of government and political economy.

Among all classes of Chinese there is a strong urge towards education, a popular demand for schools of every grade. This thirst for education gives the missionary his golden opportunity. Open a school and it is filled; open a free-school and it overflows. The Catholic school wherein the doctrines of Christ are taught and the principles of Christian morality are instilled must have a deep and far-reaching effect. Not every pupil in such a school is a baptized Christian but the seeds of truth and morality therein taught will, with God's grace, bring forth fruit in season. The Catholic school is the missionary's most potent instrument in

disseminating truth, in breaking down prejudice, in building a stable, convinced, practicing congregation in the future. Wherefore the Prefecture at great sacrifice has established schools wherever possible. Would that the lack of material means did not stand in the way of reaping the full advantage which an efficient, well-organized school system affords! May kind benefactors give, and give generously, to the instant and noble cause of Catholic education in North West Hunan!

The Prefecture builds high hopes upon the co-operation which will be given by the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, New Jersey, and by other communities of religious women in the United States, which, please God, are soon to have foundations in Hunan. Immemorial custom has built about Chinese women a barrier which not even a priest in his most sacred character may lose sight of. This difficulty will not exist for the Sisters. Whether on duty in hospital, orphanage, school or social service, there will be opened up for these selfless, noble, Christ-like women unlimited opportunities for lasting good. They will be at liberty to bring the sorely needed influence of Catholic womanhood into the Chinese home. Their life will be a convincing lesson and an impelling inspiration.

FOR almost a year in their residence at Shenchowfu the Passionists have carried on the religious observance as is done in the monasteries of Europe and America. By a life of prayer and austerity within their retreat they strive to fortify their brother missionaries in the field. As the years go on and Chinese youths from the mission schools advance to philosophy and theology, some, in the Providence of God, will choose the life of the Sons of St. Paul of the Cross and in thus embracing the monastic life, so dear to the heart of the Church, will make it indigenous to the territory, there to be a source of edification to their native brethren in the Fold, a font of sanctification for the Prefecture, and an instrument of praise and glory to that Crucified Lord Who gave Himself in ransom for all.

NOTE: Father Cuthbert's article is a splendid description of the territory and climatic conditions, the moral atmosphere, the political state of North West Hunan, with a hopeful forecast for the recently-erected Passionist Prefecture. We trust that our readers have gotten from the article an intelligent view of the needs of our Missionaries, and that their financial support will not be wanting. Attention is drawn to the fact that the Missionaries have already started at their headquarters the full monastic choir observance—EDITORS.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

RACE-MEMORY

The Evolution Discussion prompted a Dazed Darwinian to send this elevating poem to *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

I remember, I remember
Long before I was born,
The tree-tops where my racial self
Went dancing round at morn.

Green wavering archipelagos,
Great gusty bursts of blue
In my race-memory I recall
(Or I am told I do).

In that green-turreted Monkeyville
(So I have often heard)
It seemed as if a Blue Baboon
Might soar like a Blue Bird.

Low crawling Fundamentalists
Glared up through the green mist,
I hung upon my tail in heaven
A Firmamentalist.

* * * *

I am too fat to climb a tree
There are no trees to climb,
Instead, the factory chimneys rise
Unscaleable, sublime.

The past was bestial ignorance:
But I feel a little funky,
To think I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a monkey.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE U. S.

Antipater of Sidon, 2nd century B. C., gets credit as the appraiser of the Seven Wonders of the World. They were: The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Phidias' Statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus and the Pharos of Alexandria. From a list submitted by two score of our famous citizens to a metropolitan newspaper we select the following as competing for honors as the Seven Wonders of the United States:

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Grand Canyon | 4. Woolworth Building |
| 2. Panama Canal | 5. Niagara |
| 3. New York Subway | 6. Eighteenth Amendment |
| | 7. William Wrigley, Jr. |

DEFINING A WONDER

Number seven in the foregoing list of wonders may seem shuffled in as the joker. But the modern conception of the wonderful disregards the artistic

in favor of the useful and of magnitude. It is to Mr. Wrigley, Yankee chicle expert, that the financial editor of the *N. Y. Times* refers:

In advancing a reason for the earnings of his own particular company being so high in the first quarter of this year, the head of the country's largest chewing gum corporation said yesterday that business with the chewing gum manufacturer is best when general business is not so good as it was. He advanced the theory that people use more chewing gum when they are depressed.

THE ADJUSTABILITY OF LATIN

In the following anecdote from *Simplicissimus* of Munich, it should be remembered, the clergyman was under the necessity of adjusting his vocabulary to a baggageman's familiarity with the Latin language:

A village priest, on his sabbatical year, arrived in Rome and put up at a modest hotel.

Not knowing Italian, he tried to get along with his liturgical Latin. As he was about to make an excursion to the surrounding country, he came out of his room prepared for travel, and the porter, seeing him, supposed that he wanted his trunk carried out.

"That may stay here," said the priest. "I shall return."

"Non capisco, Monsignore," returned the porter, shrugging his shoulders.

"Requiescat in pace," said the priest, pointing to the trunk. "Resurgam!"

TYRANNY

Here's another Wall Street outrage, according to the *Milwaukee Journal*:

If it isn't one form of tyranny it's another. The Government will not print any more \$10,000 bills.

THE REPENTANT HYMIE

Strong men wept as Hymie reformed. His story of struggle to go straight touched the police at \$5. per touch. He sorrowfully sobs farewell to crime. Then things happen. The incident is from the *New York Times*:

Hymie Goldberg, 40 years old, of 262 East Fourth Street, yesterday paid his second visit to Police Headquarters since he reformed.

"I'm going to go straight," said Hymie on his first visit two weeks ago just after he had been released from Elmira.

"That's fine, Hymie," said Lieutenant Rastis, head of the pickpocket squad. "I believe you've got good stuff in you. Keep away from those eggs."

"You bet I will," said Hymie. "I hate a crook and you'll never see me with 'em any more. That's what I came to see you about, Cap. You sent me up, but

THE † SIGN

you had me right and you played fair. I appreciate it.

"So when I got this job—I got a job—and needed a little change to keep me till they was ready for me, did I go wrong to get it? Did I hunt up my old dip friends and borrow it? No, sir, I came here. I says to myself, 'Hymie, Inspector Rastis is one square guy. He's your friend, if he did send you up. He'll help you go right.'"

Hymie sobbed in a rich baritone. Fighting down the hysteria, he began to chant an epic of hard luck. Before he had reached the second canto Lieutenant Rastis turned to one side, passed the back of his hand over his eyes, then frowned at a window, pretending the light was annoying him. The reformed convict had a voice with the vibrations of a genuine Strad. It swayed the hearts of his listeners. It made better men of them. Lieutenant Busby of the safe and loft squad joined them and other policemen came up to hear the hard luck set to music.

It had almost reached the camp-meeting stage, when Lieutenant Rastis drew forth a five-dollar bill from his pocket, handed it to Hymie and rushed out with an arm crooked over his face. Lieutenant Busby rolled up a piece of paper money, thrust it into Hymie's hand and muttered something that sounded like "God bless you." Others chipped in and Hymie left Police Headquarters with a wet handkerchief and a substantial nest-egg.

Yesterday Hymie came in again, accompanied by Policeman John Ruff and Philip Salaisberg.

"You here again, Hymie!" exclaimed Rastis.

"Yes, I caught him picking that man's pocket of \$300," said Ruff, pointing at Salaisberg.

SAFE—AND UNINTERESTING

The poor K. K. K. is going—nearly gone. We wonder how many of its former enthusiastic members are figuratively kicking themselves for having been so easily deluded and defrauded. The majority of them, however, will be ready, we fear, to bite at the bait of ex-convict Anderson's 5 p's. They're so childish—both the p's and the majority. Says *The Nation*:

The Ku Klux Klan is not dead yet; it can marshal 30,000 Klansmen willing to don a sheet and peaked nightcap and march through the streets of Washington on a sweltering August Saturday. But when the Klan announces its parades in time to sell concessions in advance to the hot-dog vendors, when it charts trains and has itself photographed flaunting the star-spangled banner on the Capitol steps, it ceases to be either a fascinating mystery or a threat to society. It has settled down to just one more in the long list of shiners, templars, tall cedars, veiled prophets, red eagles, white rats, western bees, blue geese, and other dress-up orders which serve in their solemn way to let loose the repressed play instincts of grown-up men who have forgotten how to play naturally. Gone is the sudden drama of the flaming cross at midnight; gone the passion to regulate other people's lives and habits in picturesque disregard of the law. The Klan is no longer even 100 per cent white, Protestant, and Nordic. Its chiefs confer with "good" Negroes like Marcus Garvey; it denies class, race, or religious prejudice; it buys its klaverns from Loeb's and Woolf's and sells to Fabians and Klotzmans. It still thrives and takes in membership fees; but for that matter the National Anti-Horse Thief Association, founded in 1854, still boasts 36,000 members. The Klan has become safe—and uninteresting.

ASCOLE THE LESS

If Ascole had given only \$5. to rescue and purchase a Chinese baby for Heaven, he would have played a safe game. But he didn't. The *New York Sun* tells the sad tale:

Noble Ascole of 17 West Fifty-third street, Bayonne, is very sad. He desired to marry and was very much surprised last week at being visited by two strange men. But they spoke of good tidings and he listened.

They knew of the girl for him. She lived in Brooklyn, an additional recommendation. There were several qualifications, however. Ascole must pay \$100. down and \$700. more during the first six months of married life.

Ascole listened, lingered and fell. He went to Brooklyn and was introduced to the girl.

"A right comely person," he told himself.

If her eyes said anything they revealed that he was very high in her favor. He perked up and paid the \$100.

He was really very fortunate! So he told himself. He couldn't keep the good news to himself. He must tell a friend. He did. The friend merely frowned.

"Listen, Noble," he finally said, "I'm a good friend of yours. Here is advice. Call the police."

Noble did. Detective went to Brooklyn to look for the men and the woman. They were gone. The hundred was gone.

Noble Ascole is a very sad man today.

PROOF POSITIVE

In an article on "Baiting the Church in France" in the *Atlantic Monthly* Denis Gwynn states the attitude of the French Catholics to the charge that they are anti-Republican and pro-Royalist:

Nothing exasperates the Catholics in France more than this revival by the Left of a charge which they consider monstrously unjustified. They retort by appealing to the magnificent military record of the Catholics in the war. They claim with pride that during the war the Catholic Generals (of whom Foch was the most conspicuous example), who had been deprived of high positions before the war because they were distrusted for being Catholics, had to be given the chief commands before the French Army could find its best and most devoted leaders. The list of these Catholic Generals is very impressive. It includes Foch, Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied Armies, and his right-hand man, General Weygand; Marshal Petain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army; old Generals like Pau and Castelnau, who performed wonders in the organization of defense and of attack; Marshall Lyautey, who not only made Africa safe for France during the war, but so won the confidence of the Africans that they enrolled in scores of thousands in the French Army; General Mangin, the hardest fighter of all, who created the black army and led it to victory against the most impregnable positions, besides having command of the first big counter-offensive which began the German debacle; Marshal Franchet Desperey, the conqueror of Bulgaria; General Gouraud, the hero of Gallipoli, who afterward consolidated the French influence in Syria as no man had done before. These are only the most notable of a group of brilliant commanders who all are devout Catholics, and whose religious convictions would have prevented them from holding any important command before the war. Can they be fairly accused of lack of patriotism?

Apropos of Scopes

TO the question, "Is the American Museum of Natural History misspending the taxpayers' money and poisoning the minds of the school children with false and bestial theories of evolution?" Professor Osborn replied in part: "No one can point out either in the exhibition halls of the American Museum or in its lectures a single untruthful statement, because lectures and exhibition halls do not set forth theories, but what may be actually observed in Nature by an intelligent child, if the opportunity is afforded. If you will examine carefully an exhibit in the Hall of the Age of Man you will

appear to be in full agreement with the Dayton defendants in his definition of the terms "truthful" and "demonstrates," "theory" and "fact" and in his solicitude for the enlightenment of the student mind. This is apparent from his frankly appealing to the particular exhibit in the Hall of the Age of Man which is the rock of offense. Herewith is presented an illustration of what he thinks Nature demonstrates to an "intelligent" child.

With Professor Osborn himself admitting that "All the Lamarckian and purely materialistic hypotheses, which were current when I was studying philosophy and biology in 1876, have fallen by the wayside. Every day during these forty-eight years' observation and philosophy of Nature



TRINIL APE MAN

NEANDERTHAL MAN

CRO-MAGNON MAN

These three busts are on exhibition in the Hall of the Age of Man in the New York Museum of Natural History. They are plaster casts made by J. H. McGregor. From a few bones the busts have been scientifically (?) reconstructed. They are a striking illustration of Prof. Osborn's Nature's "demonstrations."

see that it demonstrates very clearly not that man has descended from the monkeys or from the apes, but that he has a long and independent ascent of his own."

Professor Osborn claims to be a consistent Christian and that he is mindful of the scriptural injunction, as he recalls it, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."

Moreover, he admits that a little knowledge of evolution is a dangerous thing, and he declares that he is often reminded of this when he sees the first effects of science and of the principle of evolution on the student mind.

But the professor's consistency baffles us. He

and of the biology of man I become more of a *naturalist*, less of a scientist, still less of a rationalist," we judge it opportune to present a review embracing an authoritative estimate of evolution by two distinguished scientists who do not share the "brisk confidence of the '70s."

"Darwinism is dead, and will soon be buried without hope of resurrection. But without Darwinism Evolution is the mere empty shell of a venerable speculation." Dr. H. C. Morton, in *The Bankruptcy of Evolution*.

"It is impossible for scientists longer to agree with Darwin's theory of the origin of Species. No explanation whatever has been offered for the fact that, after forty years, no evidence has been discovered to verify his genesis of species." Prof. William Bateson of Cambridge, England. *Ibid.*

Found On the Trail

The Exciting Experiences of Young Pat Gorman

By JOHN AYS COUGH



IN the last week of May, 1845, a party of less than twenty travellers was "nooning" a short day's ride eastward of Fort Laramie. They were encamped only in the sense of having called a few hours' halt. Two of the party were asleep in the shade under one of the wagons: two others had been at the trouble of pitching a tent, and in it, the door flapping in the hot breeze, they and three other men were lying, lazily smoking and chatting intermittently.

Another tent had been set up by a young man who was not an "emigrant." George Cradock had not the emigrant look. There was nothing about him to suggest a struggle against "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." One somehow felt that he was as well off as he cared to be. There were no lines of care in his cheeks or on his brow: his pleasant face expressed a natural indolence. Nevertheless he could bestir himself. He had not now been at the trouble to get out from one of the wagons tent and tent-poles, pegs and guys in order to pitch a tent for his own enjoyment. On the contrary, now it was pitched, he was not in it. It had been simply to give to Mrs. Gorman and her daughter the means of enjoying shade in the hot noon and the rarer luxury of an hour's privacy, that George had taken all that trouble.

Nor must the reader conclude that the two ladies whom he thus obliged were of the kind who claim, so to say, laborious services from men by reason of their beauty and charm. Neither was a beauty. The daughter was certainly plain, though pleasant-faced. Her mother had been no more than comely when Norah's age, and her married life had not been easy; a quarter of a century on a Pennsylvania farm had roughened the woman externally, but it had not toughened her heart.

The head of the party was Colonel Force; its tyrant was Jefferson Baird, the Colonel's nephew, not much older than George himself, but as much overcharged with energy as George was lazy.

Mrs. Gorman's husband was like neither of the younger men: conscious of having done little with his life, knowing that his advantages of training and education had scarcely been turned to good purpose, the knowledge had not soured him, but

merely made him rather silent and in general apologetic. His great asset since his marriage had been his wife, and he cared greatly for nothing in life but her and one of their children. That one was not Norah.

GORMAN was of Catholic parentage. But, married at twenty to a Protestant whom he had recognized as better than himself, he had gradually allowed his religion to drop from him without much consideration, and certainly without argument, unless that could be called argument which merely amounted to a feeling that his wife's religion was good enough for him and her children. Mrs. Gorman had not consciously been the cause of Jim's lapse: indeed she would rather he had been stoutly Catholic than, as he was, without religion at all.

It has been said that Jim Gorman's devotion was divided between Priscilla, his wife, and one of their children, Pat, whose patriotic Christian name had been due rather to his Protestant mother than to his Catholic father. Pat was not more than twelve, having been born half a dozen years after Norah. None of the Gormans was handsome, but Pat was more nearly "good looking" than any of them. His dark red hair was far from being ugly, his chocolate brown eyes were almost beautiful, and the boy's expression would have glorified a much plainer face. It combined with singular charm the look of brightness with innocence, great sweetness with impatience.

On his brightness there lay indeed a cloud, and in a young boy it may seem a surprising one. It grieved him greatly that he and his sister had been, as he felt, disinherited of the Catholic Faith that should have been their sole heirloom from the Gormans. Jim had no suspicion of this: but Priscilla had sometimes almost an inkling of it. Years ago she had told her husband that he ought to teach the children their prayers.

"You better do it," said Jim, conscious of no proficiency in that direction.

"But I know no Catholic prayers," his wife objected.

"Teach them your own. There's only one God," poor Jim retorted, perhaps vaguely aware of some logical intention, but unable to pursue it to logical expression.

THE † SIGN

Priscilla, unwilling that her children should be dumb towards Heaven, tried to teach them something in the way of prayer: but she felt uncomfortable, being able to feel that prayer should express not only desires but belief. "A dog," she thought "can be conscious of wants and can express them too, but a dog can't pray."

"So long," retorted Jim, "as it gets what it needs, it ought to be satisfied."

Pat may have got what he wanted but he was not satisfied: and his mother guessed it. Had she been less wholly in love with her husband she would have quarrelled with him over this matter. But she could not quarrel with him: he was too dear to her, much dearer in those early days of the children's lives than either of them.

As the years went by, however, she began to perceive that she might, out of this fond dread of losing anything whatever of her husband's regard, have lost something of her son's. No boy could have been more loving to his mother, yet she felt that he had a grievance. And though the grievance might be against his father, she accused herself that it was due to her that the grievance was there. Pat Gorman was sure that he ought to be a Catholic: it was his father's fault if he was not one.

LET us return to that mid-day when Colonel Force's party was "nooning" upon the prairie. Westward stretched the huge monotones of the prairie—not a flat, but a rolling plain: eastward also was the prairie over which they had come. Not far off, to the northward, the broad bed of the Platte River took its way: a river bed rather than a river, it seemed, for the water was so shallow, even where deepest, that it would hardly have submerged the knees of a horse riding across. Ropes of sand divided the water, wherever it was, into pools. Ahead, in the direction of their own trail, was a wide meadow of low grass, dotted with the wagons and tents of an emigrant encampment.

In that emigrant camp the arrival of Colonel Force's party had been observed with perturbation. The great dread of the emigrants was the Mormons. Beyond the river on a low mesa were grouped a number of Indian lodges. But the emigrants at the same time were less apprehensive of the Indians than of the Mormons.

"Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Gorman?" George Cradock inquired, presenting himself outside the tent where the ladies were enjoying the midday rest.

"Have you seen Patsy lately?" Mrs. Gorman asked. "He hasn't been with us this long time. If you can give me any word of him I should be ever so much obliged. You've done so much for

us already, there is nothing for you to do besides. But you may have seen the boy or heard someone mention him. If so, it would ease my mind to hear."

Colonel Force lay smoking under the shadow of a shabby buffalo-robe stretched across three or four short poles. "Master Pat," he called out, "wants a scolding, and you'd better give him one."

"I wish I had a chance," Pat's mother declared in a worried tone, not because she was fond of scolding, but because her boy was not near enough to be scolded.

"He's too independent" the boss complained. "He don't mind rules. He has no business to wander on his own. See what worry he causes you. Give him a scolding, as if you meant it, when he crops up. I shall if you don't."

"I haven't seen him," George admitted reluctantly, "nor heard anyone mention seeing him."

"He *must* be wanderin' round. Always wanting to be off on his own," Norah remarked critically, "he'd sooner get among the Indians than not, I reckon, and as for bears, he'll not be happy till he's seen a grizzly."

"A grizzly?" observed George, seeing that a fresh avenue of anxiety had been opened to Mrs. Gorman. "We're much too far from the mountains for grizzlies. We shant see any trace of them for another fifty miles. There's no fear of Pat falling in with a grizzly trail to-day."

"Those mountains don't look anything like fifty miles away," said Mrs. Gorman nervously, "not thirty, I should say."

"They are though," Cradock assured her. "They are so high, and the air that clear, they look nearer than they are. Don't you be worrying about bears, Mrs. Gorman. Those emigrants," he added, "were fussing about Mormons. It's not bears they're timid of."

Here George glanced at Norah. "They thought we were Mormons at first. Baird and the Colonel have been over to them, and mighty glad they were to find we were 'gentiles' like themselves."

"There may be Mormons around, all the same," Mrs. Gorman suggested, a new dread assailing her on her girl's account.

"Not a Morn," George answered stoutly, "not a Morman, or Morwoman, or Morchild. But, Mrs. Gorman, I'll prospect round a bit and see if I can find Patsy—the young scaramouch, and I'll hand him the Colonel's scolding while it's hot."

PAT was aware that he had misbehaved. No one should slip away from camp, and his doing so might at any moment cause his mother to become anxious. His father was constitutionally

THE † SIGN

averse to falling into nervous dreads and by no means apt to imagine perils gratuitously. All the same, if he *had* conceived any fears on Pat's account, he would have been quite as much disturbed as his wife. Of grizzlies he had no fear, being sure there were none within many miles. He had no reason to believe that the Mormons were any nearer, and if he had, it would not have occurred to him that they would care to kidnap Pat.

Of all Indians the ex-frontier farmer had a rooted suspicion. They would not, it is true, have ventured on abduction of his boy from the camp, or so he thought. But Pat's wonderful hair, like red gold, did suggest the horrible word "scalp."

Meanwhile Pat had no idea that even his easy-going father was upset about him. He was not even aware that he had yet been missed at all. The genesis of his exodus, if so barbarous a phrase can be forgiven, had been very simple and due rather to childishness than naughtiness. Of course, since the party had been upon the prairies there had been innumerable prairie dogs to be seen and Pat's fancy for the queer little beasts had been growing and growing till it had become a mania.

The reader need not be informed that these quaint animals are not dogs at all, but a species of large rodents, cousins of the Marmot of Europe, nick-named prairie dogs by reason of their continuous barking yelp. Vast numbers of them inhabit the prairies and plateau regions of that section of North America which gradually tilts itself up till it becomes the mesa and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

Pat had often gazed with longing at their "villages," eagerly desirous to become the personal proprietor of some of them. He drew no sinister inference from their supposed associations with rattlesnakes and owls. If rattlesnakes are often found in their burrows it does not follow that they are welcome guests. Pat concluded—charitably as regards the prairie dogs, if not so charitably as regards the rattlesnakes—that the latter's presence was probably uninvited and due to motives far from indicative of friendship between the horrid reptile and the jolly little quadruped. A plump, defenseless prairie dog would provide only too tempting a meal for his unbidden guest as he would for a greedy and unscrupulous owl.

All Pat knew was that the prairie dogs were pleasant-looking, queer and cunning in their manners, with shrewd but amiable little faces and gentle demeanor. If they were apt to fly at his own approach and disappear like lightning into their burrows, it argued only a general doubtfulness of human intentions grounded on sad experience.

"I wish," thought Pat, "they knew I don't want to hurt them; only to play with them and stroke them." But they didn't; and though he would often see ever so many of them, standing upon the tops of the small mounds raised near the doors of their sandy homes, with their hands held up before them in a funny attitude of supplication, and though they would often seem to watch with more of curiosity than alarm, either indulging in a volley of small barkings that could frighten nobody or keeping silence as if inviting events and ready to be convinced of the absence of menace on Pat's part, yet he had never been successful in getting at all near them. Just as he would flatter himself that he was on the point of doing so, if he turned his back for a moment, he would, on looking again, find that not one of all the scores just now visible, remained: all had slipped into their convenient refuges. "And yet" thought Pat reproachfully, "they may have just rushed into the jaws of a rattlesnake or the claws and beak of an owl."

HOWEVER often Pat had failed in getting near his funny little friends, he only grew more wistfully eager to catch a prairie dog and teach it to be fond of him. If he could catch a young one he did not doubt that he could convince it of his good intentions and suitability as a foster-parent. And he still hoped that to catch a baby prairie dog should be possible: of such babies there must be countless thousands and he saw no reason why among them there should not be some as prone as himself to unlicensed wanderings from the parental neighborhood. Nor was it to be supposed that such delinquents would have all the parental cleverness in avoiding capture or all the hopeless rapidity of flight in case of his own unlooked-for arrival on the scene just when a prairie-dog child became aware of having strayed disobediently. Pat conceived it probable that the conscience-ridden juvenile would skurry *away* from home and shelter instead of taking the right turn. In which case he hoped that he might run the delinquent to a point where he himself might capture it. A scheme so based on youthful misconduct ought not, Pat felt, to succeed. Yet, I, fear he hoped for its success.

On this particular day Pat, wandering to the utmost verge of the encampment, discerned not far off a populous village of prairie dogs. He must go a little afield to study it. The village covered a gentle rise in the prairie and that rise was skirted, on one side, by a large depression, almost resembling a ditch, not honey-combed by prairie-dog holes, but hard and smooth, being a sort of shallow gully, worn by some temporary rush of water on occasion of torrential rain. The rain ended and the water

THE † SIGN

drained away, the sun had baked the clay into something like the hardness of adobe. It was by this ditch or low gulch that Pat hoped to get nearer than he had yet ever done to a prairie-dog village. And so he did. But what was his triumph when, abreast of the village, he beheld a whole family of the queer creatures ahead of him, not in the village, but clearly out on a pleasure trip. Like other mothers on similar occasions, the prairie-dog mother was strongly of opinion that the whole party should keep together. But her family was not any more scrupulously observant of this wholesome rule than some human families in like circumstances. Wilfulness and curiosity caused some of the youngsters to straggle and loiter or prosecute inquiries leading away from their parent's side.

Just when the tendency was creating most marked displeasure in the prairie-dog mother's prudent mind, she became aware of Pat's approach. With a brief yelp of caution (meaning maybe "There! what did I tell you!") she hustled up the bank that steeply lined the ditch on its right as she and Pat were progressing. On the other side the bank was much less steep; indeed there was hardly any bank, the level of the prairie being there much nearer that of the shallow line of depression we have called a ditch.

The prairie pups—if so a prairie dog's children may be called—happened to have their noses turned towards the much less steep bank on the left, and at their mother's expostulation some of them rushed forward in the direction they were already taking, instead of turning sharply to breast the steep bank in their mother's wake.

Insubordination (my tale seems, at this point, lamentably to lose the thread of its moral) appeared to pay. Up the easier incline the wilful youngsters slipped quite easily and disappeared over the top in flight across the prairie. All except one: that one becoming guiltily conscious of the absence of its parent, hesitated half way up the incline, and, meaning to look back in search of her, rolled over backwards, only to see the young human running swiftly to the spot. The small delinquent, terrified out of all circumspection, made a scrambling dash at the steeper bank beyond whose summit its mother had disappeared. It was a valiant effort. But on this side the clay had been carried off by the rush of water when the ditch was made, and here the bank near the top was "caved" and shelved over. It was at the very place of this projection that the much hustled young prairie dog had blindly dashed. It fell back and rolled down again, yelping nervously.

Pat had gained the very spot and he was not

backward in making a swoop at his prey. And though he missed it, it only escaped his clutch to make another scrambling attempt at the same point. It got to the "shelve," but could get no farther, and, seeing a shallow scoop in the clay, huddled into it. But there its doom—if doom it were to fall into the hands of so gentle a captor—was sealed. Cowering close and panting it could not see Pat, but Pat could very plainly see it; and very soon had it, clutched in his soft cap of homespun cloth.

It scratched with less amiability than Pat's high opinion of prairie dogs had prepared him for. And but for the thickness of the homespun, it might have shown that it could bite pretty sharply. As it was, its teeth barely penetrated the cloth and Pat cared nothing for the slight pricking. He was much too triumphant to care. He had, indeed, something else to think of. A dry rattling noise that he now heard for the first time sounded only too near to his face, and out of a hole in the bank two eyes were peering at him with an evil glare.

OF all snakes the boy had an instinctive horror, and of the rattlesnake he had been taught to have a dread. His prize had heard the rattle and seemed as little pleased as himself. The little panting creature ceased struggling and nestled in under his arm with no present eagerness for escape, as if conscious that Pat was likely to prove a safer neighbor than the rattler.

This delighted Pat, and he uttered soft assurances of protection, though he did not neglect to quit the spot with some precipitation. From the distance of a few feet he then proceeded to "rock" the snake with so creditable an aim to cause the reptile to regard the episode as closed and hasten off accordingly.

Having secured so long-desired a prize, Pat began to move homeward—if that can be said of one who really had no more stable a home than a tent. By retracing the course of what we have called the ditch he would be likely to get to the encampment, and that course he followed till the ditch forked, another of precisely the same character branching off from it. At that forking of the way Pat became aware of Colonel Force, riding more or less in his direction, though not apparently conscious of his neighborhood.

Pat was not desirous of meeting the Colonel, and turned northward, that is to his own right down the other ditch in a direction likely to bring him to the course of the river. Walking quickly, he found himself in less than ten minutes nearing the end of his ditch and perceived that it ended on the top of the river-bank. From the point at which

THE † SIGN

the boy was standing the ditch ran downhill to the river, and up the path, heading directly for himself, came a procession of three figures—for a figure need not necessarily be that of a biped. These three were not bipeds. In front marched a buffalo cow closely attended by—or, if you like, herself attending—a calf about half grown. Behind them came an elderly bull who was by no means in an amiable temper, and, if Pat's impression were correct, with some excuse for his ill humor. For, Pat decided that the beast had been wounded. He felt sure the wound was not mortal. It caused the old bull to limp, and might very likely be in his shoulder. But there was nothing in that limp to suggest that the angry creature was near the end of his strength. Pat knew that there was plenty of fight left in the beast and at any moment he expected to see him break from his limping waddle into a fierce charge up the hill.

Had Pat been properly armed, he would probably have welcomed this encounter. He carried, however, no firearms, and he had heard enough to believe that a wounded buffalo-bull would prove a very awkward creature for even an armed man to meet in a narrow way.

WHETHER Pat's first idea would have been mere escape, I cannot say. But simply to escape seemed out of the question. The ditch was deeper here than it had been, and it was also perfectly straight now. The cow buffalo, looking straight ahead, had caught sight of the boy and showed it by a toss of her head and a short low of protest, as if she had no present desire to introduce her calf to the personal acquaintance of mankind. I have described the animal's cry as a "low," but it was really more like a surly growl. The sound she gave was at once accepted by her shaggy spouse as a signal: the bull paused one instant in his tracks, gave a snort of extreme offence and then a stamp with one of his fore feet. That stamp increased his sense of outrage, for it jarred his shoulder, and the bull—more irritable than reasonable—chose to blame Pat for the dig of pain he experienced. Yet he courted a renewal of the pain by beating up the sand of the path with the same hoof he had used to stamp with. The result was so disagreeable that he emitted a short gasping roar and decided on a by no means liesurely charge up hill with the boy for its objective.

Pat was in a scrape and he knew it, though to himself he expressed the fact by a different phrase, "I'm up a tree" he thought, and then corrected his statement adding, "I wish I was. I wish there was a tree to be up, if it was a tree of any size. Buffalos can't climb trees." Not a tree, however,

was there in sight for buffalo or boy to climb.

Halfway between the place where poor Pat stood wondering how soon he would be dead and the point now reached by the charging bull, in the side of the hill was a long, deepish scoop filled with low dry scrub. Had Pat been there he might have trusted to the cover and might not have trusted in vain. The charging beast, half blind with passion, might possibly have dashed past the place without pausing to explore the cover. But Pat was *not* there. Oddly enough his strained mind was not exclusively occupied by the bull. His thoughts were greatly concerned by the theme which very often engaged them. Throughout his illicit ramble he had been harping on his grievance against his father in not having bred him up a Catholic. And on that grievance he was even now brooding.

"If," he argued, "I was what I ought to be—a Catholic—it would be the business of some of the saints to protect me. Every Catholic has patron saints and it is their business to concern themselves with the special needs of any person under their care. I suppose my particular saint would be St. Patrick, as I have his name. And what a lot of things he has done for his people. Why, he wouldn't let them be bothered by snakes and just chucked the whole lot into the lake and drowned them. I expect he'd be just as good with buffalos, though they're not so much in his line."

The mention of snakes reminded Pat of the rattlesnake he had encountered at such close quarters that very morning. "Why" thought the boy, "I reckon it was St. Patrick who got me out of that scrape, and very good of him too, seeing that I'm not a Catholic, and a boy that wouldn't seem to St. Patrick an Irishman even if his name *is* Gorman. Very good of him it was, and I thank him kindly. I'd say more about him only I'm a bit worried at present, as I hope he will understand, and excuse me. It's just "Thank you kindly" for the present, and my father'd thank him too, if he knew, for he's a loving father to me if there *are* things he might have done by me and hasn't. If you've any message, St. Patrick, I'll see that he gets it. P'raps you'd like that I should tell him that you saved me from the rattlesnake in order to grow up a proper Catholic. And now, please, for the buffalo."

That charging brute was only too near, though he might have been yet nearer had he not twice jarred his wounded shoulder as he forged up the hill. On both occasions he had shaken his shaggy head with a sharp rear, and glared fiercely with his savage red eyes. Now, however, he was in full

THE † SIGN

career again, and in a minute or so Pat calculated that it would be all over with him.

On came the bull, with the cow and calf making some show of joining in the charge for the look of the thing, but not as if they cared a lot about the row. *They* had no personal grievance to avenge.

"Here I come" roared the bull, pronouncing his words, however, very thickly.

"How horrible," thought Pat, "his nasty tongue looks!" Buffalo-tongue is a prairie dainty but Pat had no appetite for it at the moment. In desperation he was about to throw himself on the ground and await the end lying down. But a specially loud bellow from the bull made the boy wait a moment. It was a queer bellow, fierce, but also disconcerted, as if the beast were complaining of a march stolen on him, as if he meant, "Fair play, now!"

WHATEVER he intended to say, he was not addressing Pat. Between the bull and the boy a new arrival had appeared on the scene: a venerable personage oddly attired for the occasion. For he carried no rifle, any more than Pat himself, but a long staff, apparently of silver, and crooked at the top, not very convenient to carry, and seemingly too heavy for comfort. The bearer of this unsportsmanlike weapon had a longish beard and appeared more than elderly. An under garment of white linen seemed calculated to impede his movements and over it the stranger wore robes of green silk, rich but unsuited to buffalo-hunting. On his head the gentleman—as Pat called him to himself—wore a singular covering, bristling with large jewels and armed at the top with twin peaks not very unlike gables. Pat had seen many pictures resembling this stranger and glanced at his feet to see if a large snake were coiled. None was visible—perhaps because the stranger was too wise to bring, as they say, coals to Newcastle and was aware that to import snakes to this neighborhood would be a sort of supererogation.

The bull was as much disconcerted by the arrival of this second human being as Pat was agreeably surprised. He stopped half way through his bellow and dropped his little tail which had been raised stiff before. He even bethought him of the rudeness of thrusting his long tongue out and drew it back into his slaving mouth. He stamped once, but even that he did more out of bravado than fury, as if just to "save his face," and he even condescended a sort of appeal to his better half. "Such meanness!" he evidently implied. "Call that fair play?"

But, being a lady, the buffalo-cow refused to

sympathize. "Well! What did I tell you?" was clearly her meaning as she turned her head sideways to hide her personal embarrassment. "I don't butt into such scraps, *I've* done nothing to offend this elderly gentleman, and *you'll* have to apologize." The "elderly gentleman" bandied no words with either animal. He merely stood stock still and raised his crooked staff in a manner extremely authoritative. Pat, I regret to say, hoped that he would "land the bull one" with the silver staff, and hoped it would hurt. But the illustrious stranger had no quarrel with the wounded beast. He merely stood still and regarded him with dignity. To Pat, however, he did say a word.

"Get home. Your mother wants you."

"And my father," Pat whispered softly.

"It's his fault you're wandering," the stranger remarked gravely. "Come home both of you. You're wanted."

The bull seemed conscious that this last statement was not addressed to him. With ridiculous embarrassment he turned tail and trotted meekly down the shelving path toward the river accompanied by his family.

"I'll go," said Pat, "and fetch my father."

THE illustrious stranger gravely nodded and Pat added, "And Norah." Whereat another approving nod was bestowed by the stranger. Pat turned to do as he had promised: but no one went with him. Nevertheless when he told his astounding tale and brought his father to the place he could point to the prints of two sandaled feet in the path.

"Just there he stood," said Pat, "and see these little green herbs growing where he stood." Pat had never seen any herbs like them. But Jim Gorman knew what they were.

"It's the blessed shamrock," he said in a tone of awe and shame, "that I've forgotten these many years. The trouble I've given, forcing St. Patrick to come out all the way from Ireland to see what I was up to!"

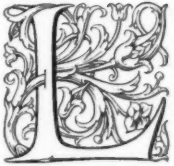
"All the way," murmured his wife, "from Heaven."

Jim did, at any rate, see to it that St. Patrick did not have his journey for nothing. He got home, bringing his children with him, for, he took "home" to mean the Church of his fathers wherein he lived henceforth as a genuine member, keeping its laws and following its practice. That Pat and Norah should have efficient Catholic teaching he now saw, and also that they had the means of practicing the Faith. So that on the day when Jim Gorman's young son was lost on the trail his long-lost Faith was found there.

St. Clement of Rome

No. II. in *The Saints of The Mass*

By FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN, D. D.



LITTLE is known of the Apostles besides what may be learned from the New Testament except in the case of four, St. Peter, St. John, St. James the Less and St. Paul. Concerning these there is considerable information from independent sources. St. James, "the Lord's brother," established as first Bishop of Jerusalem, is briefly alluded to by the Jewish historian Josephus, while the Christian Hegesippus in the early second century gives details of his martyrdom and character. St. John is known to have spent many years and to have died in Ephesus; and early writers have recorded a number of incidents in his later life. St. Peter and St. Paul, founders of the Apostolic See of Rome, were there martyred under Nero according to the unanimous testimony of early documents, corroborated by cumulative evidence of various sorts in Rome itself. "For the archeologist," says Lanciani, "the presence and execution of Saints Peter and Paul in Rome are facts established beyond shadow of a doubt on purely monumental evidence."

Of the other Apostles there were confused late traditions, but little that can be regarded as trustworthy. From an early date they were taken as subjects of fictitious narratives, sometimes by heretics who sought to fabricate apostolic sanction for their own teachings, at other times by writers of sensational tales, who may have had no intention of passing off fiction for history, but rather of providing a substitute for the very unedifying pagan tales of the time. The earliest of the spurious Acts of Apostles were the work of Manichaeans, written with the special purpose of disparaging marriage and teaching the unreality of our Lord's humanity. The oldest one, "Acts of John," appeared about 150; "Acts of Paul," said to have been written by Leucius, "a presbyter of Asia," sometime between 160, and 170; "Acts of Peter" about 200; and later still, "Acts of Andrew" and "Acts of Thomas," the latter being written in Syriac. These obvious fictions made use of certain known facts and may be accepted as evidence for the places of the Apostles' labors and deaths—for example, for St. Andrew's connection with Greece—but for little else. Their general character is

plainly revealed by contrast with the canonical Acts written by St. Luke.

The fifth century produced a new set of tales of the Apostles, most of them emanating from the monasteries of Egypt, "a prolific factory" of pious romances. They may not have been intended to pass for anything but exercises of the imagination; but they were collected in France some two centuries later and in an uncritical age passed for authentic history. They deal almost solely with marvels of a childish sort; and the later ones have no more of an ethical tone than the Arabian Nights. They aimed merely at sensation, dealing with wholesale killings and restorations to life, with baptisms of multitudes reckoned by tens of thousands, with meaningless miracles, often concerning animals and inanimate objects. There is nothing similar to the spiritual significance of the miracles of the New Testament. The second century "Acts" may be sifted for facts, but not so the apostolic romances of later date. These fictions serve as useful foils to the authentic Acts and the solid evidences on which the more important events in Church history rest. What is true of the Apostles is true also of early Popes and Martyrs. Scanty bits of early evidence have been almost smothered at times in late fictions; yet it is quite possible to have some important points very clearly established.

IN the history of the Church in Rome the outstanding fact of the first century is the martyrdoms of St. Peter and St. Paul under Nero. Little is known of the first Popes. One much disputed point is their order. The *Liber Pontificalis*, the first part of which is in sixth century form, gives a list of Popes which rests on the "Liberian Catalogue" of 354: Peter, Linus, Clement, Cletus, Anacletus, Evaristus. This was the official order until the time of Pius X, when it was altered to Peter, Linus, Anacletus, Clement, Evaristus. This identification of Cletus with Anacletus and placing of Anacletus before Clement accords with the order in the Mass—which, however, has several chronological dislocations—and with the most weighty evidence which has come down to us.

St. Irenaeus, writing about 180, and resting perhaps on the authority of Hegesippus, gives the succession of Roman bishops as follows:

THE † SIGN

"The blessed Apostles, having founded and instructed the Church, gave the episcopate for governing the Church to Linus. This is the Linus whom Paul mentions in the epistle to Timothy. To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles, Clement obtained the episcopate, who had both seen the Apostles and conferred with them, so that he had the preaching of the Apostles sounding in his ears and their written tradition before his eyes. And not only he but many others also survived at that time who had been taught by apostles... To this Clement succeeded Evaristus, and to Evaristus Alexander; and then, sixth from the Apostles, was established Sixtus and after him Telesphorus, who also suffered martyrdom most gloriously: next Hyginus, after him Pius, after whom Anicetus. And when Soter had succeeded Anicetus, now in the twelfth place from the Apostles Eleutherus holds the episcopate."

The chief question in this doubtful chronology is, Which is the more trustworthy, the Liberian Catalogue or the statement in Irenaeus? Most prefer the latter; and the whole matter may be finally threshed out whenever there is a revision of the Breviary. At present the accepted order is, as in the Canon, Linus, Cletus, Clement.

LINUS and Cletus are little more than names. The *Liber Pontificalis* assigns to each of them episcopates of about twelve years, which is possibly right, and mentions their burial near the grave of St. Peter, which is confirmed by Roman archeology. It adds some other details which are probably late imaginations, and affirms that both were martyrs. By the fourth century all the early Popes were believed to have been martyrs: but it is quite possible that the name might be given to some of them in the vague sense of having suffered for the Faith, though not incurring death. There are two reasons for thinking that Linus and Cletus may not have been martyrs in the later sense: one, the statement of Irenaeus which implies that the first martyr-pope after St. Peter was St. Telesphorus; and the other, the fact that the episcopates of Linus and Cletus fell during the interval between Nero and Domitian, when there is not known to have been a persecution. There is no sure ground for basing either affirmation or denial. The chief significance in the Canon of these names of the first successors of St. Peter is that they typify the whole line of sovereign pontiffs, the supreme pastoral office, representative and inclusive of the whole priesthood.

Linus and Cletus are dim figures in the dusk; Clement emerges into light. More is known of the events of his pontificate, and more of his personality. He was possibly a Jew, as his special knowledge of the Old Testament might imply, probably born about the time of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, a companion of the Apostles and their immediate followers, and in specially close

relations with St. Peter. It has been conjectured that he had the name Clement as freedman in the household of Flavius Clemens, a member of the imperial family. He became bishop about the year 90, and died in 99, about the same time as St. John. Our chief knowledge of his episcopate comes from the various references to the Domitian persecution, and of Clement himself from his Epistle to the Corinthians.

IN the late second century, Clement, like certain Apostles, was taken as the subject for heretical (Ebionite) fiction. The Clementine Romances may embody many facts; but from their character they must be received with caution. Part of their plot is taken from the ancient tale which Shakespeare used in his *Comedy of Errors*; and with this is an account of Clement's having been banished by Trajan and martyred by being thrown into the sea with an anchor. The silence of local tradition as to his burial in Rome is in favor of his death during banishment.

In 868, the missionary bishop Cyril brought from the Crimea some bones and an anchor believed to be relics of St. Clement, which were deposited by Pope Adrian II in the church of St. Clement, a church of the twelfth century, built above one of the fourth, which in turn covers a house of the early imperial period with walls of the age of the late republic. This may have been St. Clement's house or, as one writer has suggested, may have been the property of Flavius Clemens.

This prince was a cousin of the Emperor Domitian and husband of the Emperor's niece, Flavia Domitilla. Their children were marked out for the imperial succession. Both became Christians and were punished by Domitian, the husband being put to death at the end of his consulship in 95, and the wife being banished. The name of the latter is perpetuated by the Catacomb of Domitilla, a Christian cemetery provided by Flavia Domitilla for her co-religionists, and the oldest in Rome after those about the graves of the Apostles on the Vatican and by the Ostian Road. There were many other Christians of eminent position at this time, the chief names being those of Acilius Glabrio, Pomponia Graecina, Claudia and Pudens, whose house became the Church of St. Pudenziana. All these were the associates of Clement, the Bishop; and it has been conjectured that in some details of tradition there has been confusion between the Bishop and the Clement of the imperial house.

THE Emperor Domitian, startled by the spread of Christianity in his court and in his

THE † SIGN

own family, inaugurated a persecution, aimed chiefly at people of prominence, although involving a threat against the whole Church. This was the first great outbreak after that under Nero in which the Apostles lost their lives. It was in this crisis that St. Clement had to act as the Church's leader.

We have best means of knowing in what spirit he met it, for to the year 95, belongs his great epistle, the most important single document of sub-apostolic writings. He had heard of divisions in the Church in Corinth, and in the name of "the Church of God sojourning in Rome" he wrote a long letter, urging the Corinthians to preserve their unity. He declares that "by reason of the sudden and repeated calamities and reverses which have befallen us, we have been somewhat tardy in giving heed to the matters in dispute." This reference to "calamities" dates the epistle by connecting it with Domitian's attacks on the Church in 95.

The thought of the persecution seems to underlie the whole treatise. There is repeated citing of the examples of fortitude and patience among the Old Testament saints, an exhortation to imitate the steadfastness of those who had suffered under Nero; and there is an undertone of suggestion of the Passion of our Lord. "Let us fix our eyes on the blood of Christ and understand how precious it is unto the Father, because being shed for our salvation it won for the whole world the grace of repentance." "Let us fear the Lord Jesus whose blood was given for us." "Through Jesus Christ, the High-priest of our offerings, the Guardian and Helper of our weakness, let us look steadfastly unto the heights of heaven."

BY way of meeting the common charge that loyalty to Christ meant disloyalty to the State, he shows the Christian attitude of obedience in secular things to the civil authority. "Deliver us from them that hate us wrongfully. Give concord and peace to us and to all that dwell on the earth.... while we render obedience to Thine almighty and most excellent Name, and also to our rulers and governors upon the earth. Thou, Lord and Master, hast given them the power of sovereignty through Thine excellent and unspeakable might, that we, knowing the glory and honor which Thou hast given them, may submit ourselves unto them, in nothing resisting Thy will. Grant unto them, therefore, O Lord, health, peace, concord, stability, that they may administer the government which Thou hast given them without failure."

The letter deals with many matters and gives a clear conception of the personality of the writer.

THREE characteristics may be noted. First, *Comprehensive Knowledge*. This appears in the extensive use of the Old Testament Scriptures and also of apostolic writings. St. Clement reflects the thought of St. Peter's First Epistle, of the Epistle of St. James, of the Epistles of St. Paul, especially his First to the Corinthians, in which he dealt with a situation similar to that with which Clement was confronted; and there are such close resemblances to the Epistle to the Hebrews that some have conjectured that Clement was its author. Second, *Sense of Order*. Corinth was disturbed by breaches of discipline. Clement expresses the typically Roman instinct for law and order, for free and effective action through orderly subordination. "Let us mark the soldiers that are enlisted under our rulers, how exactly, how readily, how submissively, they execute the orders given them. All are not prefects, nor rulers of thousands.... but each man in his own rank executeth the orders given by the king and governors. The great without the small cannot exist, neither the small without the great. There is a certain mixture in all things, and therein is utility." Third, *Moderation*. Clement likes the words "moderate" and "moderation," and three times speaks of "intense moderation." This indicates one of his personal characteristics.

The letter is important for its clear statement of the principle of the Christian ministry, derivation of authority from above in orderly succession by a line going back to our Lord Himself. It is one of the classics of ecclesiastical polity.

"The Apostles received the Gospel for us from the Lord Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ was sent forth from God. So then Christ is from God, and the Apostles are from Christ. Both therefore came from God in the appointed order. Having therefore received a charge and having been fully assured through the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ and confirmed in the word of God with full assurance of the Holy Ghost, they went forth with the glad tidings that the kingdom of God should come. So preaching everywhere in country and town, they appointed their first-fruits, when they had proved them by the Spirit, to be bishops and deacons unto them that should believe.... Having received complete foreknowledge, they appointed the aforesaid persons, and afterwards they provided a continuance, that if these should fall asleep, other approved men should succeed to their ministration."

The letter concludes with a great prayer which possibly echoes a liturgical formula. It is, says the Abbé Duchesne, "an excellent example of the style of solemn prayer in which the ecclesiastical leaders of the time were accustomed to express themselves at meetings of worship." There is also another passage suggestive of the *Sanctus*. "Let us mark the whole host of His angels, how they stand by and minister to His will. For the Scripture

THE † SIGN

saith, "Ten thousands of ten thousands stood before Him, and thousands of thousands ministered unto Him: and they cried aloud, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Sabaoth; all creation is full of His glory'."

THERE is one most characteristic passage in which St. Clement, enlarging on the duties of the Church's pastors, develops the thought of his great predecessor in the chief pastorate, that a "witness of the sufferings of Christ" should not "lord over the clergy, but be a pattern to the flock," looking for "a never-fading crown of glory" from the "Prince of pastors" Himself. It well gives the key-note of this great papal brief.

"Let us therefore be lowly-minded, brethren, laying aside all arrogance, conceit, folly and anger... Let us be kind one towards another according to the compassion and sweetness of Him that made us. For Christ is with them that are lowly of mind, not with them that exalt themselves over the flock. The scepter of the majesty of God, even our Lord Jesus Christ, came not in power of arrogance or of pride, though He might have done so, but in lowliness of mind, according as the Holy Spirit spake concerning Him... Let us be imitators also of them which went about in goatskins and sheepskins, preaching the coming of Christ... The submissiveness and humility, therefore, of so many and so great men, who have thus obtained a good report, hath through obedience made

better not only us but also the generations which were before us, even them that received His oracles in fear and truth."

The whole letter is important and should be studied by all who wish accurate knowledge of the early Church. The great Pope is known at first-hand through his own words, written at a time of crisis for himself and the Church, compelling an intimate disclosure of personality. None of his successors for over two hundred years is known in quite the same way. For a time this letter had semi-canonical status, copies of it being preserved with those of New Testament books. In particular was it revered in the Church of Corinth to which it had been addressed. Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, writing in 170, to the Romans in the time of Pope Soter, says:

"Today we kept the holy day, the Lord's day, and on it we read your letter; and we shall ever have it give us instruction, even as the former one written through Clement. This hath been your practice from the beginning; to do good to all the brethren in various ways, and to send supplies to many churches in divers cities, in one place recruiting the poverty of those who are in want, in another assisting brethren that are in the mines with supplies that ye have been in the habit of sending them from the very first, thus keeping up, as becometh Romans, the hereditary practice of Romans, which your blessed bishop Soter hath not only maintained but also advanced."

Peter, the Rock, Remembers

By J. CORSON MILLER

Simon Bar Jona rose from troubled sleep,
His ears the sullen slaves of grumbling storm—
His hands remembering dripping nets, and warm.
He saw Genesareth's naked lightnings leap
Down livid ladders of spume, against a Rock
Whose roots unyielding mocked the challenging sky—
Then: *Thou art Peter*—his drooping head reared high—
(The whole world seemed to cringe to the thunder-shock)
Like a battle-steed his quivering nostrils spread—
His breast, victorious, swelled to the heft of the wind—
I give you the Keys—they unlocked his fertile mind—
His eye-balls burned, but not from grief or dread,
Unseeing, now he saw, no longer blind—
I am Peter, a Rock, he cried, and returned to bed.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

JIU-JITSU FOR MASHERS

A few years ago I learned jiu jitsu and since that time have used it on every masher that has annoyed me, causing the arrest of six of them. Two of these men have been slightly injured by me one by being thrown over my shoulder and the other by refusing to submit when I was applying a painful hold until I sprained his wrist. Several girl friends have told me that it is unwomanly for me to resort to jiu jitsu if I can possibly escape from the masher and that the use of any trick by which a man can be injured is sinful. What is your opinion of this? I do not believe I did wrong as I did not intend to injure these men, but simply used the most effective methods of subduing them until the arrival of an officer.—M. F., New York City.

Bully for you! We are quite certain that you did the right thing to the mashers. If more girls and women knew how to defend themselves against the advances of mashers, there would be less immorality in our crowded conveyances. You might give some valuable lessons in jiu-jitsu to your timid girl-friends.

OATHS AND VOWS

In the issue of THE SIGN for last November you state that a person is guilty of mortal sin if he doubts that a sin is mortal or not but deliberately commits it anyway. In the Catholic Encyclopedia's article on Oaths it states that a promissory oath made about an unimportant matter is binding under pain of venial sin "according to the more common and probable opinion." If a person had made a promissory oath about an unimportant matter and were told by his confessor that it bound only under venial sin, would he be free to accept this opinion, knowing that it was not a universal one among theologians?

In the Catholic Encyclopedia's article on Vows it states that it is impossible to bind oneself under pain of mortal sin in an unimportant matter. Is this merely the more common opinion, or is there an essential difference between a promissory oath and a vow regarding an unimportant matter?—F. D., St. Louis, Mo.

The statement in our November issue refers to a person who doubts whether a sin is mortal or venial, but commits it without trying to solve his doubt. Hence it does not include such a person as mentioned by F. D. For this person has taken one of the ordinary means for settling his conscience and, practically, he no longer doubts. His state of mind should be this: since my confessor says it is not mortal, there is no need of my thinking it mortal. Some points of morals may remain as matter of speculation for theologians, but for practical purposes there are various ways of settling one's conscience. The usual way for most people is to have recourse to a prudent confessor.

In a vow, the promise is made to God Himself and

we bind ourselves to fulfill the matter of the promise; in a promissory oath, the promise may be made to God or to another with God merely as a witness. Hence the obligation of a vow rises from the fidelity due to God, and the seriousness of the obligation depends directly on the greater or less importance of the thing promised. The obligation of a promissory oath rises rather from the reverence due to God Whose Divine Authority is called to witness to our promise, and the seriousness of a breach of promise here depends primarily on the gravity of the irreverence offered to God rather than on the matter of the promise itself. Some might think, therefore, that the importance or non-importance of the thing promised need not be taken into consideration when determining the gravity of the obligation rising from the oath. But in breaking a promissory oath, the gravity of the irreverence offered to God does, in turn, depend on the importance or non-importance of the thing promised. Hence there is no reason to think that a promissory oath in an unimportant matter is binding under pain of mortal sin.

DIVORCED CONVERTS

Can a man who has been married for six years and has obtained a divorce for a just cause become a Catholic?—M. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

Most certainly. The Catholic Church cannot exclude any of Christ's sheep from the spiritual fold and pasturage which He has entrusted to her alone. "Other sheep He has that are not yet of this fold, but them also He is constantly bringing, that there may be one fold and One Shepherd." One seeking entrance into the Catholic Church must abide by Christ's rulings in regard to Marriage and Divorce as in regard to all other of her practices and teachings.

THE MORALITY OF KISSING

I have recently been called upon to explain the Catholic doctrine regarding the sinfulness of young folks indulging in kissing and am at a loss to know what to say.

What I wish to know is, whether or not it is sinful for a young man and young lady, who are really very much in love with one another, to indulge in kissing. If so, is it mortal or venial sin, and which of the Ten Commandments forbids it? If it is sinful, how am I to explain to a non-Catholic just how and why it is wrong?—J. J. C., New York City.

We would advise as a rule the avoidance of discussion on such matters as this, where the curiosity is so morbid and unhealthy. Even our separated brethren have a conscience to tell them when they are doing right or wrong, and when indulging in dangerous and sinful pleasures. However, a few words on the subject may be of help to many. There is no question here of a passing salute with the lips, unless it is done for an evil purpose, as, perhaps, a lead to other sins.

THE † SIGN

It is the lingering act, lacking due moderation, that Catholic theologians declare sinful and, as a rule, gravely sinful, because of its power to rouse sexual motions and the imminent danger of indulging sinfully in such pleasures. These pleasures are allowed only in lawful wedlock, for there alone is found the true purpose for which they were intended by our Creator, namely to aid in the propagation of the human race, just as the pleasures of taste induce one to self-nourishment and self-preservation. God's sixth commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery" shows that it is only with one's lawfully wedded partner that carnal pleasure is allowed, and under the general name of adultery it forbids all such pleasures with others than one's married partner and also among those who have no such partner. God's ninth commandment forbids even the desire or mental enjoyment of such pleasures outside of marital life.

Now, as immoderate indulgence in kissing almost certainly arouses such pleasure, just as certainly is such kissing gravely forbidden by God. Hence when kissing is sinful, its sinfulness consists in performing an act, in itself not bad, but whose forbidden consequences we know and wish for, or at least culpably allow to follow. No limit can be fixed as to when an act becomes an occasion of sin. This varies with the individual and the best and surest way for each is to learn from his conscience and by honest inquiry in confession.

COMMUNICATIONS

Editors' Note: In answer to our appeal in the August issue of **THE SIGN** we have received some very generous responses. In fact, while the responses varied in amounts, they were all generous because they were given whole-heartedly and for God's Poor. We hope that EVERY Reader of this page will send us SOMETHING, whether it be BIG or LITTLE, for the Missionaries and their poor famine-stricken sufferers in China. Here are some extracts from notes recently received:

Good Shepherd Sisters, Philadelphia, sent us \$62.25 with this note: "We read your letter in **THE SIGN** to our children and they contributed from their spending money the amount of enclosed check, and hope that this may be of some little help to the good Missionaries in China. We have made copies in type of your letter and the Sisters have sent them to their relatives and friends and requested them to forward the money direct to you. If you receive any of these copies with enclosed money you will know whence they came. We assure you of the prayers of our entire household for the Missionaries and the poor starving people in China."

W. H. of Orange, N. J., sends \$1.00: "My heart goes out to those poor people in China and I only wish I could do more. But as it is, please accept my little offering. I am happy in the thought that I am helping in your great work."

L. O'C. of Brooklyn writes: "I read your appeal for the starving Chinese to R. S.—a non-Catholic—of Brooklyn. He gave me \$1.00 to send you. I sent you my dollar on Saturday."

A Newark Priest writes: "In response to your urgent and ardent appeal for the starving people of China, I herewith send you \$100.00 from our parish."

Mrs. C. McG. of Freeport, L. I., sends \$1.00: "Here's a poor widow's mite. I wish it was a hundred dollars instead of one."

Mrs. W. A. L. of Hollis, L. I., writes: "I am up to my neck in debt but cannot refuse your appeal, so I am sending you \$2.00 for the Chinese Missionaries with my earnest prayers that God may hear their pleadings."

Miss A. T. G. of Dunkirk, N. Y. sends \$5.00 for Father Raphael's orphans and regrets she cannot send more.

Mr. M. A. of Dunmore, Pa., writes: "My sympathies go out to the poor priests and people in China and I am sending you \$5.00 to help a little in honor of our Blessed Mother and good St. Anne."

A Jersey City Priest writes: "I have just read your letter regarding the dire condition of the famine-stricken in China and hasten to send a check for \$50.00 which you will send immediately to your Fathers in greatest need."

Mrs. M. D. of Brooklyn writes: "Enclosed find \$1.00. The amount is small but I am sure that it will be a help to the starving people, and I only hope that our Lord will inspire someone with means to send you a substantial offering."

H. M. G. of Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "I pity the poor Chinese people that haven't even rice to eat. I think that's terrible. Enclosed you will find an offering for the poor people."

Mr. & Mrs. H. J. G. of Philadelphia write: "Enclosed you will find \$2.00 which will feed ten famine sufferers for two days. We pray that all the other readers of **THE SIGN** will help the famine-stricken."

Miss L. M. F. of Pasadena, Calif., sends \$100.00.

Mr. J. F. E. of Philadelphia sends \$5.00: "If ten cents will do so much good for a poor Chinese, I think a five spot will do much more, don't you?"

A Scranton Priest writes: "Early Monday morning I was called to attend a man who had been shot. While returning from the hospital with a police officer, he gave me \$5.00 saying, 'Father, give this to some needy person for my intention.' **THE SIGN** came today telling of the famine in China and so I believe that the five can do more good there than perhaps in many other cases that come to one's attention. Hence the enclosed check. You are doing great work for the missions. May God spare you to do it for a long time."

Mr. M. E. McD. of Hoboken, N. J., sends \$10.00: "I am sending you enclosed my new Fall Chapeaux for your Missions and I wish it were a check for a greater amount."

Mrs. M. R. of Pittsburgh, Pa., sends \$1.00: "We have six little ones and my husband has lost his job. It's pretty hard to feed eight and we ask that you and the other Missionaries will pray for us."

Mr. J. J. B. of Brooklyn writes: "I herewith enclose my mite (\$1.00) for the poor in China. I only wish it was a hundred, but I'm in hard traces myself and have six to maintain on a salary of \$18.00 per week. I am in debt for rent; and although I need all the help possible, I feel it my duty to send this offering. I know that our Lord will not forget me. He has done much for me in the past and I know that He will help me again."

Miss C. H. G. of Kenosha, Wisc., sends \$1.00 and writes: "The dollar is part of a birthday present to me but I am glad to share it with those poor unfortunates. I am an invalid of the wheel-chair variety, but always have plenty to eat, warm clothes and a good roof over my head. I wish the poor victims of famine had the same."

We feel sure that our Readers who have not thus far sent anything for the famine-sufferers will contribute what they can to the help of these unfortunates. What an inspiration in such notes as those of Mr. J. J. B. and Miss C. H. G. and Mrs. M. R. Please send your offerings to

THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of **THE SIGN**
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

Our College Men

With the Accent on the Our

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER



HE other evening my friend, the old gentleman next door, was talking. It is always pleasant to have him do that because, though his head is crammed with ever so many things you and I know nothing about, his heart is as warm as a seat by the fire.

"I don't suppose people as young as you are can have escaped noticing how much the country has changed," he said. "Something different is always bumping into one—a new automobile or a queer game. But if I were a Catholic, which as yet I am not, I should be much impressed by what seems to me the most astonishing shift in our history."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well now," he continued tranquilly, "suppose you dip a little farther into some of your older American authors. Get down Emerson, for instance, and read that spicy address to the 'young man.' You will find the good old seer declaring that the cultured person will always support schemes designed to aid the 'negro, the Irishman, or the Catholic.' That's a significant group, is it not? It tells us volumes about Emerson himself and about the country he lived in. Turn to your Hawthorne next, and see how pitifully he speaks of the crowded shanties along the Kennebec, where the Irish lived and laughed and raised their families in a squalor that nauseated Hawthorne and in an ignorance of education he couldn't help feeling sorry for. You might pick out other people—old Hermann Melville, for instance, about whom you up-to-daters are making such a fuss. But I won't go any farther into the matter.

"Suppose you look about you today. What will you find? Something that strikes me as being just as significant as it is extraordinary. You will see" (at this point our friend waved a hand that seemed to uncover a vision) "a very great body of Catholic young men going into colleges built and conducted for them in particular; you will see them taking up their places in any number of responsible professions and businesses; you will meet them in the literary world—bless me, you will see them almost everywhere, climbing ahead to a life of culture and control!"

As a matter of fact, all of this hadn't impressed us as an aggregate. Having found our way in

and out of separate colleges, we two—my friend and I—had realized, of course, that we were in attendance at bustling institutions. We had been proud of this or that concerning our Alma Maters, and we have criticized other things with a roundness somewhat comical in retrospect. But we had entirely missed seeing our life in college as part of a great and noteworthy shift in the development of American democracy. We had just drifted into it somehow because we had a seeming aptitude for study and because there was money enough to send us. The whole affair had been part and parcel of our growing up: and as for Hawthorne and Emerson, well we really hadn't bothered about them.

AT any rate we have now gone back for another glimpse. Perhaps the Catholic college comes in for the attention it deserves only when some relatively famous person is invited to address the student-body. Then the inevitable words are in order: "You men are going to be leaders in your respective communities, etc. You are going to be looked up to as samples of educated members of your Faith, etc. You will be standard-bearers in the fight against bigotry, immorality, etc." In fact, speeches of this sort are more regular than the seasons and, naturally, more fleeting than the winds.

Who worries about being a leader in his respective community, when thoughts of what kind of job will support Mary Ellen, in whom one is deeply interested, seem so much more important? Few orators realize what an appeal they could make to the average audience by going to work in a manner something like this: "You are looking ahead to a chance for work that will make possible your marriage to the finest girl in the world. It isn't money you are after so much as a livelihood you can come by honestly and securely. Well, I'm going to tell you just how your wishes can come true."

Perhaps only a very ambitious orator would undertake to follow this advice. But our point is that the college-man is very human: he comes for the most part from country-towns or suburbs where his mother has kept a bustling home neat by hard work, and where his father has toiled hard at his business or occupation. There has not been much

THE † SIGN

chance to look far abroad, to speculate on questions of art or philosophy, or to develop any serious variety of superiority-complex.

How very immature and stand-pattish the average college entrant is, any teacher will explain in some detail, if properly approached. H. G. Wells is likely to be defined as the president of an Express Company; and even Judas Iscariot often fails to rouse a glimmer of recognition. These fellows are also terribly young where all human relationships are concerned. A wise confessor can set them to reading awesomely all the pamphlets in his rack; and though their primary attitude towards the story of a miracle may be blunt American skepticism, they will become in time the most reverent of mystics. Poetry and philosophy gradually tinge their lives: and, best of all, the poetry and truth of the Eucharist, so that there is no more stirring sight on this earth than that of a thousand or more young men rising like a mob and going humbly to the Sacred Table, not driven, not wheedled, but freely and proudly.

A wonderful crowd they are, indeed. And the system which has brought them together and controls them is no less wonderful. Our colleges are really communities created by the Faith. No mediaeval cathedral was ever more completely the fulfillment of a beautiful and sacred purpose than is the least of the schools which harbor young men in the name of religious teaching. In these schools, as almost nowhere else, the Light surmounts and dispels the dark; the universal shadow of cynicism is lifted by steady truth; and courage, sacrifice and example are forces so consistently active that no one would dream of wholly resisting them. Half-unconsciously, a man comes to feel that he is on speaking terms with both culture and Heaven. What is more, the feeling is so natural that it involves no surrender of manliness and no sense of edging away from the current of public practice. In short, you are really in Rome and you do what the Romans do. Since boys are always giddy with the electric shocks we call growing pains, they often squirm, of course, against what steadies them—a fact which our colleges in their fine old wisdom recognize and make allowance for.

THE total effect of four years cannot be over-estimated. Surely everyone of us hopes that the number of *our* men will increase and increase until it includes all the eligible lads in the land. There is no getting away from the fact that we are going to be a people of diplomas. The neatly signed degree—for all the fun we poke at it—is bound to be part and parcel of the wall-paper scheme in every sort of cottage and mansion. What

if criticisms are easy to make? Some people, for instance, shake their heads very sagely over the bounding interest in athletic games which seems to prevail in our midst. But perhaps it would really be wiser to drop theories and spend a few moments looking over the crowd of lusty young fellows who are shouting their heads off over a touchdown. Does that rob them of their brains? Not in the least. It may cloud irregular verbs for a day or two, but in the end it is much wiser to give men a chance to shout off their energies—energies which otherwise may be subverted into baser reservoirs whence they ooze out into none too wholesome deeds.

And the teacher? A wise old professor of Latin declared that he would manage very well when they made him a coach. He meant simply that the class-room must recognize the same standards and claim the same privilege as the athletic field. Teaching will take care of itself when the teacher is taken care of: when he is made to feel that he is above the level of patched trousers and frayed neckties; when he is not wilted by excessive hours; and when he is not treated like a hired man. No. Criticize as you will, the rise of tower after tower of this new educational system is an index of vitality which nothing can wilt. Since 1850, our high schools and colleges have educated thousands, when another diamond jubilee has come round, we shall have educated hundreds of thousands. And it is to be hoped that they will all be quite like the youngsters who now get into the harness—buoyant, enthusiastic, light-hearted, strong-armed, clear-eyed chaps, who will bind the future to their will just as they bind themselves. Where is there a better insurance policy against bigotry and misunderstanding than such education?

ANOTHER side of the question calls for a word of comment. Not long ago, a few of us happened to be sitting in that favorite debating room, the smoking-compartment. A very capable elderly gentleman entered, looked about him, and gathered from certain signs and tokens that we were Catholic college-men. He then informed us that he was thinking of sending his son to X University. We were duly delighted.

"But," he said, "I do it rather against my will. There are better professors at some other schools, and I shouldn't want to live, myself, in such dormitories as X University has. Not on your life! It is my hope that these disadvantages will not—"

"Spoil your son's college life?" asked my friend. "They will not, though he may notice them more than once. That's human nature, you know. But

THE † SIGN

have you ever stopped to think how those defects might be remedied? Suppose that you and every other man of some means were not content with sending your lad to the school and paying a sum just large enough to keep him. Suppose you took a real interest in the future of the school you choose, and sent an extra amount each year, to do this, that or the other thing? If enough people looked at the question in such a light, these little blets you mention would rub themselves off. Don't you think?"

And most assuredly they would. The 'future of American democracy' is a vague term. It sounds just a little like the title of one of Mr. Wells' novels. But see what happens if we put it this way:

In 1940 there will be four hundred thousand young Catholic men eligible for college; there will be room for three-fourths of that number; there will be facilities of every necessary kind to give them the highest type of community life. That is definite, isn't it? And though it is an ideal, it could be realized. Right now young fellows at Notre Dame, Manhattan, Georgetown, Fordham, Dayton—everywhere under our sun, in fact,—are debating where they will send their sons in 19—. Most of them swear that these future citizens will follow different fates than their fathers, and go where there is more heat, better food, and even better professors. But of course they will change their minds: what if all of us together would resolve to change the colleges?

Preserves

A Third Homely Spiritual

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.



ONE of the tragedies of home-canning in the olden days was the possibility of having one's labor in vain. I remember the rows of jars; fruits in the country were cheap then, and we picked the blueberries ourselves. One lesson we learned then from observation of the "putting-up" process was that once the jars were filled they must be kept air-tight. What home-made expedients were resorted to lest the jellies be exposed to corruption. The paraffine protection was not so generally used then. So that in spite of the scaldings, the rubber bands, the energetic screwing down of the covers when the strong masculine hand was often called on to give a last twist, in spite of all the precautions, things sometimes went bad.

What disappointment on opening an apparently tempting jar of preserves to discover that they had "turned." Somehow the air had got in. The housewife was not a Pasteur in science but she had enough of practical discoveries from her experience in running the ménage to fill a good sized book. She knew that the air, vitally necessary as it is for the preservation of human life, is a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a perfect gentleman generally but a thorough villain and a bearer of death germs to poor defenceless preserves. What was once a fit morsel for a king's table was sorrowfully and disgustingly consigned to the garbage pile.

The air had got at them!

There's a lot to be learned from the practical art of putting up preserves. It is an art that applies to the soul as well as to fruits and vegetables and berries. Somehow—comparisons always go along with a lame foot—it recalls the old story in the Gospels about the man from whose soul the devils had been driven.

To change the figure of the house swept and garnished—that man had scalded the jar of his heart; there wasn't a living microbe left. He was all perfect in his preparations for preserving. He was all ready for sanctity, and he must have smiled with delight as he filled that cleaned-out jar with the fruits of eternal life. But his good intentions did not serve him any too well. Anyhow, he was not air-tight. The air got to his preserves. The germs came back with a new army of destruction and got in under the cover. And the last state—there was nothing left but the spiritual garbage can for his corrupted heart.

Judas must have listened to that parable. Perhaps he thought it, if not puerile, at least too simple and homely to be applied to the soul of an Apostle. The idea of devils taking possession of the heart of a man! And especially when the man was one who had cleaned out his heart and given his will to God. Judas forgot that he was not air-tight. He went about his work forgetting all about that heart of his set aside there on a shelf, proof, thought he, against all evil forces. The corruption

THE † SIGN

got at him scarcely without his realization. Perhaps he did not see what a horrible mess it was until his poor naked soul saw it in a refuse heap there in the valley where he hanged himself.

The old adage about the corruption of the best being the worst! The cedars of Lebanon sometimes went crashing into the ravine in spite of the fact that their branches seemed to have become fastened to the gates of Heaven. "Let him that stands take heed lest he fall."

HE that perseveres to the end will be saved. It may be sorry punning, but one can truthfully say also—he that preserves to the end. To preserve, after all, is but to keep, and one must not merely set aside his soul and think that the act of getting things ready for some future eternal agape is one complete act done once and for all. One must also watch the air.

There have been innumerable near-saints. St. Paul understood the danger of near-sanctity, the obsession that because one was avowedly working for God there could be no danger to one's soul. So he chastised his body and brought it into subjection lest when he had preached the Gospels to others he himself should become a castaway. St. Paul was taking no chances with the corruptive forces. He knew how quickly the preserves of a whole lifetime may be destroyed.

And anyone who reads history knows the same thing. Most of the heresiarchs were men who had once given their all to God. Lives of sacrifice, the scalding out of their hearts, had made them fancy themselves preëlected. Where was the fault in the process—the unguarded space in the jar? They themselves never suspected other than that everything in their spiritual life was preserved and sealed. They never guessed when or how corruption had set in. They were even amazed when the Master of the House cast them aside as not only corrupt themselves but a danger to those still untainted by corruption.

Nothing in the reading of history is sadder. The man who is contemptuously, and justly, referred to as an "ex-priest," for instance, is the most unfortunate of beings. Instinctively one contrasts his present lot of rebellion, his *Non Serviam* (I will not serve) with the far-away days when he jubilantly answered to the call his *Adsum*. Days of fervor, years of zeal, the aching and the sweating in the vineyard, the conquering of evil inclinations, the arrival at the threshold of the inner castle of sanctity, the heart filled with the fruits of laborious years, sealed, signed and ready for delivery, and then the creeping in of a germ-laden air, the quick fermenting, the incipient corruption, the

complete destruction. *Corruptio optimi pessima!*

While that is the worst example of corruption, it is far from being the only one. There is no man to whom it may not come. There is many a housewife that has taken far more care in preserving the souls of her children than in all the culinary arts. She has worked over them, wept over them, prayed over them—then set them in a row. Some keep sweet, some go sour. How explain it? The same fruit, the same care, the same environment; and one will bring the Lammenais, heretic, and the other the Lammenais who was almost a saint. Even St. Teresa, with all her prayers, saw the corrupting evil of sin in her own family.

One could do an interesting book on that subject—families of saints and sinners. It is like a saintly mother having a devil for a son. The air got at him somehow, and, fine as the fruits was, the air and its germs made short work of him.

I do not pretend that there is any system of philosophy to be derived from these homely observations. If I could deduce such a philosophy I would have attained the heights of sanctity, canonized sanctity in that cellar of the Bridegroom where no corruption can enter, but while so far removed from the actuality, the only philosophical advice I dare put down is the philosophy of life which the saints followed to bring them to holiness, the axiom of the need of eternal vigilance with an unlimited supply of humility. Soul preservation is governed by the same laws that govern the preservation of fruits. Keep the heart air-tight against the germs of sin. Homely, prosy advice, indeed, but then the receipts in a cook-book are not done in sonnets.

Pater Noster

By JOHN J. QUINN

Oh Father Who in highest heaven dwells,
Thy watchful care with reverent mien we claim.
All hallowed here on earth Thy Holy Name!
That prayer from fervent hearts in rapture wells
Until it as a glorious anthem swells
And fills celestial realms. Eternal fame
To Thee on earth will spread through Faith's
bright flame

And zeal to work Thy will, not heaven excels.

Oh, give us mortals here our daily bread
And for our sins, in mercy pardon show
As we forgive. Nor let us blindly tread
Temptation's luring path, that leads to woe;
But for all sin inspire a holy dread—
The grace to shun all evil ways bestow.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for September, 1925)



INTENTION

WHILE we have been concentrating lately on the work of the Lay Apostles here in America for the members of the Archconfraternity, we must not forget our Missionaries in China. As announced in *THE SIGN* last month, they are facing another terrible famine. And now, instead of the six who bore the sufferings and horrors of the famine several years ago, there are twenty-nine, including the five brave Sisters of Charity who now are in Shenchowfu.

Father Clement, C. P., writes that Father Raphael reached Shenchowfu recently in a state of semi-starvation. He had not eaten for three days, and when his brethren tried to have him enjoy a good meal, his stomach was so shrunken that it could hold nothing more than a couple of soft-boiled eggs.

I know that you are praying for the Missionaries, but why not send in your accounts of prayers and good works, so that we may publish them in *THE SIGN* and hearten the soldiers of Christ in China.

A CHINESE CATHOLIC

As people hear of the hardships undergone by our Missionaries, the old question recurs, "Why send our priests, and especially our sisters, over there to suffer so terribly when such great work is to be done in our own country? The Chinese, after all, do not appreciate the Missionaries except as bringers of money and food and medicine. So long as they are fed, they will come to the mission compounds—but only so long as they are fed."

As a concrete answer to that question of why we are sending our priests and sisters and lay-workers to China, Mr. Joseph Lo Pa Hang, whose picture recently appeared in our New York newspapers as the foremost Catholic layman in China, visited our monastery in Union City, N. J., a few weeks ago, en route to Rome. To make one Catholic like Mr. Lo is worth the life-work of more than one Missionary. If Chinese can become Catholics like

Mr. Lo (and they have become so and are becoming so now) then all the Religious that we can pour into China will not be nearly enough.

Mr. Lo, of whom you have read much in the pages of *THE SIGN*, is one of the wealthiest men in Shanghai. Most of his wealth has gone into the building of Catholic hospitals and schools. Besides, he has done what few Catholic business men would do in America. He has gone about begging for the Church, until he has earned for himself the nickname of "The Chief of Beggars"—a name, by the way, of which he is very proud. And so appealing is his work that even the Buddhists contribute generously. The first two contributions to his latest hospital were made by a Protestant and a Buddhist.

GO TO JOSEPH!

After listening to Mr. Lo, one understands that our Faith is indeed Catholic, the same old Faith whether in Shanghai or in New York City. Years ago, Father Drumgool of New York, builder of homes for poor boys, used to hold his business meetings alone before a statue of St. Joseph; and, if business was slow, he would naively command St. Joseph to "take off his coat and get busy." Which latter, at least, St. Joseph did invariably. Mr. Lo works very much after the fashion of Father Drumgool; and St. Joseph works quite as enthusiastically with the former as he did with the latter. Mr. Lo's slogan is that of the great St. Teresa—"Go to Joseph."

This Chinese Catholic told us that he had not a cent to begin work on his last hospital. Now, however, it is finished, without a penny of debt upon it. "I could not do business with men," he said, with a smile and a shrug, "so,—I did business with God." "And," he added "whenever I had strong faith, God sent me much money. When I got discouraged, I received nothing."

The conversion of China is God's business. He will bring that business to a successful issue, if only we do our part. And the stronger our faith, the more successful the results will be.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS** for the conversion of China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to *THE SIGN*, Union City, N. J.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



GOD'S WAY OF SEEING THINGS

"And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him." (St. Luke, 22/43.)



HE appearance of the angel to our Divine Lord in the Garden of Olives is commonly considered to have occurred before Christ's sweat of blood. The angel is supposed to have been St. Gabriel. And, as St. Luke tells us, he came to strengthen our Savior for the climax of His agony and the terrible sufferings which were to follow.

At first sight, it seems surprising that an angel should come to strengthen the Son of God. But we must remember that it was the grace of God brought by the angel, not the angel himself, which was to comfort our Divine Redeemer, and also that it was the humanity of Jesus, not His Divinity, that was to be made strong for the combat—the humanity from which our Lord Himself had put away all comfort and consolation.

During the agony we have seen that human nature of Jesus shrinking in horror from the vision of the tortures which are to come on the morrow, until Christ begs His Father with all His soul to let the bitter chalice pass from Him. How, then, is the angel to bring comfort to our Lord? Simply by having Him look at His Passion, not as His weak human nature views it, but as God beholds it; by having Him look beyond the *human* view of the tortures and the sorrows of His Passion to the *Divine* knowledge of the triumphant glory which is to follow upon it.

So, in vision, Jesus now beholds, not the bloody

Cross and the merciless executioners, but what lies behind all these things. He sees the triumph of Easter morn, His eternal glory in heaven and the glory of those innumerable souls that are to follow Him. He sees Limbo, with the millions of just souls awaiting with intense longing the triumph of His Passion, which is to open heaven to them. He sees the apostles and martyrs, the virgins and confessors, the entire army of the blessed, whose whole glory is to depend upon and flow from the merits of His sufferings and death.

"The army of the future saints," writes Catherine Emmerich in *The Dolorous Passion*, "passed before the soul of our Lord, which was thus placed between the desiring patriarchs and the triumphant band of the future blessed; and these two armies joining together and completing one another, so to speak, surrounded the loving heart of our Savior as with a crown of victory. This most consoling and affecting spectacle bestowed a great degree of strength and comfort upon the soul

"My darling sister, I quite realize all you are suffering. I know your anguish and I share it. But, O, if I could only share with you the peace that Jesus has installed into my soul in the midst of my tears.

Be comforted! All passes away; and then we shall rejoice in life, the true life, for countless ages,—for evermore.

The shadows will soon melt away, the rays of the eternal Sun will replace the hoarfrosts of winter. Soon we shall find ourselves in our true country. There in heaven we shall love to recall these dark days of exile that purchased such a blessed eternity."

From a letter of The Little Flower.

of Jesus. Ah, He so loved His brethren and creatures that, to accomplish the redemption of a single one, He would have accepted with joy all the sufferings to which He was devoting Himself."

Did we have a share in this vision of consolation brought to the view of our Redeemer in Gethsemane? Did our Lord see us here? Were we in the "triumphal band of the future blessed that surrounded the loving heart of our Savior as with a crown of victory?"

O my Lord Jesus, by my sins and ungratefulness, I have made the chalice of Thy Passion most bitter and distasteful. Grant that more and more I may

THE † SIGN

be numbered among the great army of saints, who, by the glory they have brought unto Thee, have helped to make Thy most bitter chalice even sweet and joyous to Thy soul. (*Let your mind dwell on these thoughts and let your heart speak out in your own words to our Savior.*)

WHAT is the lesson of the Wisdom and Power of God which we have to learn from this visit of the angel to Jesus in Gethsemane? The lesson which teaches us that in all our trials we may gain strength and comfort, as Jesus did, by trying to see things, not just as weak human nature views them, but as God beholds them.

How much easier to face and to bear would the sorrows of life be, if only we would try to see things as God sees them. How often, then, our prayer, like that of Jesus, would cease to be for the passing of the chalice, and would become simply, "Not my will, O God, but Thine be done." How often would we find peace and even joy in drinking to the dregs a chalice of bitter suffering, which would, humanly speaking, embitter our entire lives.

Trying to see things as God sees them! Here is the lesson of Divine Wisdom and Power that we are to learn from this visit of the angel to our Lord in Gethsemane. If we would learn this lesson and practice it, how much our outlook upon life would be changed.

There is a story told of a Roman ecclesiastic who was continually finding fault with the policies of a certain Pope. It happened in time that he himself became Pope; and then it was observed that he was carrying out precisely the same line of action which before he had so much criticized. One day a friend brought home this fact to him. For answer, the new Pontif took his adviser to the first floor of the Vatican palace and bade him look out the window. Then he led him to the second floor and had him do likewise. At each higher story he went through the same action. At length, when they had reached the topmost part of the Vatican, the Holy Father asked, "Is the view here like that from the basement?" "By no means," was the reply. "Well," said the Pope, "before I became the Vicar of Christ, my view of affairs was like that of a man in a basement. Now that I have been raised to the heights of the Papacy, my vision is enlarged, my outlook is altogether different, and I must act accordingly.

How often we poor little creatures, with our earthy view of things, presume to stand in judgment upon God's actions. Ah, if only we would remember that God's ways are not our ways, simply because His outlook upon the world must be in-

finitely above ours. We see the happenings of life from the lowly standpoint of earth and time. God beholds them in the light of heaven and eternity. Like the human nature of Jesus in Gethsemane, we see only the suffering and sorrow of the event in this world. We do not try to look beyond to what God is trying to bring out of this travail—the eternal joy and blessedness of heaven.

For example, God permits a terrible earthquake or mine disaster. Thousands of men are killed like rats. Thousands of families are made homeless and penniless. We cannot understand why God permits such a calamity. Ah, only when we get to heaven will we understand all the good that God brought from such a catastrophe. We know that the Deluge was a fearful debacle for the world thousands of years ago. Yet we are assured that through the Deluge many thousands of souls, who otherwise, would have been lost forever, were given the grace of final repentance and were saved.

SO it is with all the sufferings that God permits to come upon us. He allows them to happen only because sometimes it is the only way in which He can effect eternal blessings. Poverty, sickness, discouragements, loss of our loved ones—all these misfortunes are bitter to us; and often it seems that God sends an overwhelming portion of bitterness to those who are trying to do His will, while those who never think of serving Him have every pleasure and blessing that earth can give. As St. Teresa once said to our Lord, "You haven't many friends, Lord, because you treat your friends too harshly."

Yet we know that St. Teresa loved our Lord more deeply the more sufferings He sent to her. That was because she knew how to look at these things as God looks at them. She realized that He was marking her with the only sign that could be her passport into heaven—the Sign of the Cross. She understood that it is only through suffering that God can test our love for Him, purify our hearts, and make us ready for the kingdom of heaven, where our glory and happiness will be just in proportion to the bitterness of our chalice upon earth.

O my Lord Jesus, help me to look upon the sorrows of life as God looks at them. Help me to see, as Thou didst, beyond the darkness and bitterness of this Good Friday of earth to the light and sweet happiness of the eternal Easter Morn of heaven. (*Let your mind dwell on these thoughts and let your heart speak out in your own words to God*).

ASPIRATION: Not as I will, O God, but as Thou wilt.

RESOLUTION: I shall try to see things as God sees them.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Two Feet

By COLMAN LADD

Two Feet fastened—O so securely!
Here who can tell what torture's hid?
Upon each the burden bears
Of His Body. If He dares
Seek ease in movement, the nails forbid.

Two feet unbound—so free to run!
I come and go wherever I may,
I lithely dance to rhythmic sound,
Yet, I must let my feet be bound
When duty calls instead of play.

Hindu Castes

OUR Lord always favored the poor and the lowly and declared them blessed. It is different in the Hindu religion which despises the lowly people, calling them pariahs, ranking them as worse than slaves and treating them as such.

This is shown particularly in the Law of the Manu concerning their Vedas, or the Hindu bible. If a pariah touch this book, his hand must be cut off; if perchance he should gaze upon the book, his eyes must be gouged out; if he should be so rash as to utter a word out of the sacred Vedas, his tongue must be torn out of his mouth.

What a message of cheer the Christian missionary brings to these millions of outcasts; in exchange for contempt and scorn and despair showing them the dignity of their souls redeemed by the Precious Blood and offering them the hope of a blessed eternity!

The Cook's Hymn

FORMERLY the running sand in time-glasses measured the period required for the cooking of foods. A certain Archbishop tells a story of a queer substitute for this method of measuring.

One morning, in a house where he was a guest, he heard from the servants' quarters a voice singing

"Nearer my God, to Thee." He felt very much edified at the piety of the woman, who went about her morning tasks to the strains of this fervent hymn. At breakfast, he commented upon the singing to his hostess. "Oh, yes," she replied, "that would be the cook. That's the hymn she boils the eggs to. Three verses for soft and five for hard."

Nevertheless, for all the hostess knew, that humble cook may have had her heart in her song and she may have used this means of keeping near to God in the midst of her lowly occupations. "Whatever you do," says the Apostle, "do all for the glory of God." And if we find it hard thus continuously to think of God throughout the day, there is our morning offering by which we dedicate all our actions to His greater honor and glory.

The Martyred Sisters of Bollene

AMONG the Saints and Blessed proclaimed during this Holy Year by Pope Pius XI were the thirty-two nuns of Bollene in France, all of them martyrs for the Faith.

A martyr is one who gives his life cheerfully and without wavering in defense of his faith or rather than deny it. Most of the martyrs we know about suffered long ago and naturally the record of what they suffered and what they said is rather scant.

It is different with these brave Sisters of Bollene who died under the tyrant Robespierre during the Reign of Terror in France just one hundred and thirty-one years ago. A few of their companions, mourning their lot that they too did not receive the crown of martyrdom, were set free. These returned to their ruined convent in Bollene and there left a record of all that happened in the prison preceding the martyrdom.

Thus there are many in the neighborhood of that convent today who know the story of their heroic kinsfolk in the very words of those who were witnesses to their sacrifice up to the time when they took their places in the rough carts that bore them away to the place of execution.

THE † SIGN

Their trial was but a mockery: they expected no mercy from their judges who were moved by a violent hatred of the Christian Faith. They were promptly sentenced to death. A brief interval remained, God designing that they might give further proof of their courage and of their deliberate choice of death while they bore in mind the words of our Lord, "He who giveth his life shall keep it," and "He who confesseth Me before men, I shall confess him before My Father." Thus not all at once were they done to death, but each day the public accuser entered the prison and called out the names of that day's victims. With eagerness each Sister answered her call. Those who were summoned smiled with a radiant happiness, those who were left behind shed tears of disappointment. As each group departed those remaining would resume their prayers that God would find them worthy likewise of the glorious crown of martyrdom.

We should be inspired to pray to these Blessed Martyrs, the nuns of Bollene, for courage and cheerfulness in accepting and bearing the particular crosses our Lord chooses for us.

A Twofold Miracle

By LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

SEVERAL years after his death, St. Benedict Joseph Labre performed a well-authenticated miracle at Naples. We believe it has not been previously mentioned in any life of the Saint.

One day a poor man, the father of a family, was driven to despair by utter destitution. He left his home intending to drown himself in the Bay of Naples. On the way, he met a beggar covered with rags. "My friend," said the beggar, "give me an alms for the love of Jesus" "An alms, cried the poor man, looking at the beggar in a dazed way. "What can I give you? why my own children are starving in their miserable garret. Look at the sea yonder: well! I am going to throw myself into it, and end my wretched life. Good-bye."

"What, you wish to drown yourself, to lose your soul forever?" answered the beggar, at the same time laying his hand gently on the poor man's arm. "No, you must not do so; do not listen to the Tempter. I see that you are the poorer of us two; so I will help you. Here take this letter and give it to M. N. at Naples; but remember you must give it into his own hands. You understand?"

The beggar continued quietly on his way, and the poor man hurried back to the town to deliver his message.

"Can I see M. N. for a moment," he asked at the porch of a splendid mansion.

"Certainly not," answered the servant. "M. N. will not see any one."

"Nevertheless I must see him; I cannot explain the matter to you."

"No, I tell you, it is quite out of the question. Give me your message; I will attend to it."

"How obstinate you are! Once again, I repeat, I have got a letter that I must deliver into his hands."

"As if I could not give it just as well!" said the servant.

"Certainly not. The person who sent me directed me to hand it to him myself. He said distinctly I was to do so."

"What nonsense! My master is blind; so you may just as well confide the letter to me, as it is I who will read it to him later on."

"No matter, I tell you I will give it to no one but your master."

"John, what is the trouble?" called out M. N., who had heard the altercation. "If this man wants to give me a letter, let him do so."

The poor man went into M. N.'s room, and handed him the letter; but the blind man had scarcely touched it, when his eyes were opened, and he saw the glorious sunshine and the blue sky. Uttering a cry of surprise, he knelt down and with trembling hands opened the letter, and read: "Sir, you promised to give 12,000 ducats to any doctor who restored your sight. Please give them to the bearer of this letter; he is the father of a family, and is in a state of utter destitution."

The poor man received the promised recompense, and it would be impossible to say which of the two was the happier, and the more grateful to God, and to his servant Benedict Joseph Labré.

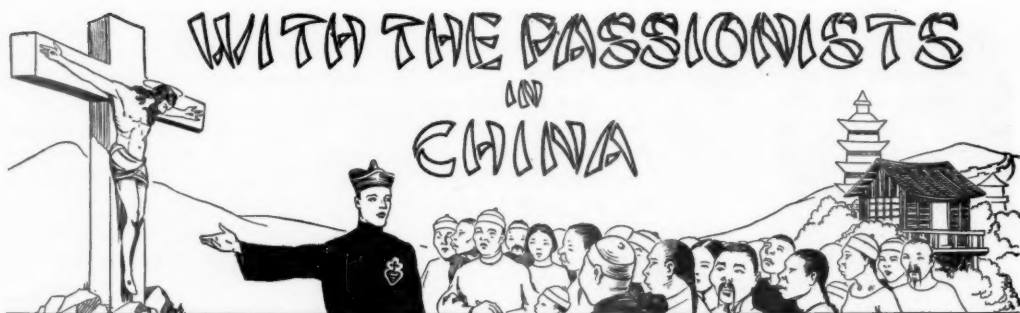
THOSE FAMINE SUFFERERS

MY DEAR JUNIORS:

This is just a little *personal* note to you. I am sure that you have good Catholic hearts and you wish to do something for the poor starving and dying in China. The BIG Readers of THE SIGN have been generous in their answer to our appeal last month, but we want our LITTLE Readers to do something for the poor and to have the special blessing of our Lord for their charity.

Now, do get busy and send me something for the famine-stricken. Do you know that TEN CENTS WILL SAVE THE LIFE OF A STARVING BOY OR GIRL FOR ONE DAY? Please send that dime (in stamps) at once. Will you? And don't forget to pray for the poor people and their Missionaries.

DADDY SEN FU THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.



WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

Terrors of Famine - - - From Hankow to Changten - A Church Invaded - - - Gemma's League

Terrors of Famine

By FATHER WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C. P.

ANOTHER famine has appeared in our land. It seemed to have stalked in on us unbidden, over night, as it were. One day rice in seemingly plenty could easily be purchased; the next day not a bowlful could be had for any amount of money. For these people here in the interior of China, with no roads nor railroads of any kind to bring relief quickly from other provinces, this calamity is a veritable scourge.

Hundreds are dying daily. Wasted human frames wander up and down the streets, asking from door to door for a scrap of food, which they know from necessity will be denied them. Starving people can be of no assistance to themselves. On the contrary they are grim reminders, one to the other, that death from hunger will probably take them on the morrow. It is simply impossible to describe the bodily suffering of these people, much less tell of their mental torture endured in such a trying time. Many are taking their own lives, preferring a violent speedy death to the slow, daily, terrible death from hunger.

Let me give an instance. A poor woman living near the Mission here struggled long and valiantly to earn a livelihood for herself and two children. Seeing that all her efforts were futile she tied a rope around her neck and to a low beam in the house and hanged herself. But the death of the mother did not silence the hunger-cries of the children. Too young to realize what their mother had done and with tears rolling down their cheeks and choking with sobs, they clutched the lifeless form, crying: "*Ma Ma, yiao fan*,"—Mamma, give us rice! Yes, "Give us rice!" is the famine cry.

We are certainly face to face with a terrible famine. Last year's crop has been eaten; this

year it is still three months from harvesting time. Our "Mission man" tells us that conditions will be worse than three years ago unless relief comes quickly. Something must be done at once. Of course there will be a heavy demand on the Missions during this time. Every day countless crowds stand at the gate asking us to help them in their distress. They beg so piteously to be taken in. They are willing to study doctrine. They will do anything if they can only obtain a little bit to eat. They plead with us to keep them from starving.

With our funds so low we are in truth perplexed. We are doing all we can: but our supply is almost gone. In famine days, more than at any other time, we Missionaries must look to our friends back home for help in relieving the hunger and suffering of these poor people. How the great merciful Heart of Jesus must compassionate them in their present affliction! We earnestly hope a great many will listen to His inspiration to give as much as they can for His poor suffering children in China. He will indeed regard those who help to alleviate this hunger unto death, for emphatically He has said: "Whatsoever you do unto the least of My brethren, you do unto Me."

May the good Lord grant many of these poor people the gift of Faith! Surely they have had their share of suffering during the past year. First it was the soldiers and war—a real scourge—and now the famine. But famines in China result in a rich harvest of souls. Only the other day a pagan family asked for one of the Sen Fu to visit them. Father Paul readily consented and took me along with him. After tramping a short distance over the rough cobbled-stone street, and preceded by a boy with a lantern, we came to the home.

GIVING NOW IS THREE TIMES MORE VALUABLE THAN AT SOME OTHER TIME.



FATHER KEVIN MURRAY, C. P., AND FATHER ULRIC KREUTZEN, O. S. F., AT HANKOW

Our first sight after stepping through the doorway was an ugly pagan god perched on a shelf. Before this hideous wooden thing burned a number of small red candles, flickering out their short lives in supplication for mercy and protection on those who had placed them there. We entered a room to the right of this temple in miniature, and there we saw a sample of China's poverty. This room, not a very large one, was kitchen, dining room, guest room, bed room—all in one. A child lay partly covered on a rough wooden cot. The mother, holding a three days old baby, sat on the edge of what might be called, though only by doing violence to the word, a bed. Two wooden "saw horses" were pulled out of the shades of darkness in the room to serve us as chairs. And immediately tea was brought out and offered to us with all the innate politeness which these Chinese people are somehow blest.

Father Paul spoke kindly to the mother for some time and secured her consent to have the baby baptized. Imagine my joy when Father Paul turned to me and told me to baptize the infant. It took not very long to claim another child for God and baby Joseph was in truth a Christian. Meanwhile I had completely forgotten about the god in the adjoining room.

Certainly Satan, who holds these poor people in his clutches through their worship of graven things, raged because another soul had been snatched from his power.

Little Bernarda, the child on the cot, was dying. This child had been found at the Mission gates abandoned a few years before. Of course she was taken in, baptized, and afterwards given to this woman to nurse. The priest was sent for, because this little girl was dying. Father Paul told me that under the circumstances she could be confirmed. Again the privilege was given to me of administering this Sacrament. Never shall I forget that Confirmation. It was the first time in my life that I had ever administered that Sacrament. Soon after being confirmed, the little sufferer began to leave this famine-stricken land for a bright happy place in heaven. Before dying however she opened her eyes wide and looked fixedly at me. Her lips moved as if in speech. She smiled. Slowly her eyes closed again, and with the smile still on her face, she passed away to the everlasting loving embrace of our blessed Savior in heaven.

Famines will come, yet we priests find great cause to thank God, for it is during times such as these, times of want and suffering, that He draws many souls to Himself.

From Hankow to Changteh

By SISTERS OF CHARITY

MONDAY, JUNE, 8, 1925. One year ago today, we first heard about the new mission of the Sisters of Charity of Convent, N. J. That new mission was to be in far-off China. As I write this, we the highly-favored five, are sailing up the Yangtse for the second time, in an effort to reach long-desired Shenchow. How fervently we prayed today that this attempt will be successful if it be God's holy Will!

The beginning of our journey was not without a shadow of trouble. For we heard this morning that the disturbance caused by the students has not abated, and that it would be more or less dangerous to pass through the Chinese city, that is, the part of Hankow outside the concessions. So, at about 10.30 a.m., we, accompanied by Father Kevin and a Mr. Tsung, who is very friendly with the Fathers, left the Procuration and went by rickshaw to the part of the river near the custom-house within the British concession, where we all got into sampans to avoid going through the streets, poor *Uai Kueh Ren* (foreigners) that we are. We had to jump down about three or four feet into the boats and for the first time some of us lost a little of our courage.

The next difficulty was to get out from the

"GIVE US RICE!" THIS IS THE CRY OF THE FAMINE-STRICKEN. WILL I GIVE?

DYING PEOPLE ARE CRYING FOR YOUR HELP. PLEASE DON'T REFUSE.

maze of big boats that surrounded us and under the wire ropes by which they were tied to the docks. When coming up the river to Hankow for the first time, we held our breath as we watched the beggar women in tubs disappearing under the big boat on which we were; but today we found ourselves in the same place and almost touching the rudders of the large foreign steamers we had to pass. At last we were out in the river and enjoyed the sail to the Changteh boat lying off the native city of Hankow. We had some more fun when we reached the boat and began to climb from the sampan into it. It was a fine subject for a moving picture.

When we climbed the ladder leading to the upper deck, we found that our cabin was very much better than we expected, and that we would have more air than on former trips for which we were very grateful during this hot weather. There are three bunks in one room, and one each in two tiny rooms; so we gave one of the small rooms to our Maria, and fixed up another bunk by using Sister Finan's trunk and an opium table (!) which happened to be in the room. Father Agatho who is with us has another room at the other end of the boat, right near the boiler room, so he is having an extra dose of heat.

We are the only foreigners on the boat, which is carrying over three hundred passengers; therefore, we are the center of attraction. Windows and doors are full of heads peeking in at us, and two small boys have already made our acquaintance. One of these latter has informed us that his parents being dead he has been bought by a man who is taking him to Changteh. This buying of human beings is a very common practice in China.

The boat was to start at 12:00 noon sharp, but when we were settled down, we were told it would not start until 4:00 p.m. One never knows just when a boat may start. Father Kevin and Father Ulric and Mr. Tsung had to return to the concessions to have their dinner, so could not wait to see the boat start.

After some arguing, Father Agatho succeeded in inducing one of the boatmen to take his belongings out of our cabin. This seems to be part of the program on every trip. They like to leave their things with the foreigners, either for safety, or sometimes because they have opium or some other thing they want to hide from the customs-inspector.

We had some lunch which we brought with us, and then waited for the boat to start. At about 3:30 p.m. the boat pulled out, leaving our cook behind, as he went to buy some things, thinking that he had three hours to wait. It looks as though the dear Lord wants us to get used to native

food as there is evidently nothing else to do but eat what the boat supplies. We may have to get off this boat and on to another smaller one in a couple of days, as the men tell us the water is not high enough for this one to go all the way to Changteh. Towards evening we passed the large boat belonging to the Japanese Line, which made its first trip last Friday, and is high and dry on the shore, the water being too low to carry it. It will have to stay there until the water rises, whenever that will be.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9. Our first night on the boat was very peaceful, except that Sister Finan had many visitors of the bug variety. We insisted upon her taking the little room so that she would



ST. GABRIEL'S CHAPEL, PAOTSING

Father Raphael writes: "This picture was taken last Christmas, from the back door, so you can judge the size. I can get only fifteen benches in the chapel, which was formerly a large Chinese kitchen. The crib was my first in China. The dark spots on the floor are water that dripped through the 'holy' roof."

SEND SOME DONATION NOW: THE POOR CHINESE REALLY DO NEED IT.



REGULAR CUSTOMERS

These two little lads have been coming daily to the mission of Shenchowfu for their bowl of rice. Maybe the famine has carried them off by now. Poor Kids!

have a good night's sleep, but I think she was the only one who did not. The natives sleep on the floor outside on the small deck with only a piece of matting under them and just as soundly as if they had a feather bed.

The first thing we saw this morning was a little girl smoking a cigarette. She told us she was just six years of age. Her father seemed not to understand why we were surprised.

For breakfast we had eggs, bread, butter, and coffee,—all of which we brought with us. We induced one of the natives to get them cooked for us. For dinner we had the same with the addition of some bacon, but the boatman evidently grew tired of trying to keep in with the cook, to get the foreigners' food ready, so he appeared with a real Chinese meal this evening. We enjoyed it far more than we expected. It consisted of rice, Chinese cabbage, which is something between cabbage and lettuce, and two other vegetables, the names of which I do not know. Our Maria is always glad to see us doing anything in

native fashion, so it pleased her to see us eat the Chinese supper.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10. The unwelcome news came to us today, that owing to low water, we would have to change boats. Only those who have traveled in China can appreciate what it means to shift around from one boat to another, especially when the party has as much luggage as we have. One of the boatmen told us we should have to change tonight; so we had Father Agatho's boys tie up our pagoes, and we gathered all our things together, ready to go. After a little while one of the head men came along and said that the place for changing would not be reached until tomorrow, so we had to have the bedding unpacked again and settle down for another night. We wondered if this was a trick played on us by a couple of the attendants who seemed very antagonistic towards us because we are foreigners. These poor deluded people are being led on by Bolshevistic propaganda, no doubt.

We are enjoying our bowls of rice and vegetables at each meal as much as the natives, but we are not using chopsticks, not having become proficient along that line yet.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11. At about 9:30 this morning, we reached Chi U Keo, which is the place where we had to get on to a smaller boat. Father Dominic, who is waiting for us at Changteh, heard that we would have to do this, so he sent down two Chinese to have our place ready for us on the boat and to help transfer the baggage. We found ourselves on the same kind of boat as the one on which we first traveled to Changteh last November. This time it did not seem half so bad as it did then. We are getting to be real natives in many little ways.

We settled down in the hope that we would begin, in a short time, the second part of our journey to Changteh. But, what a foolish idea for almost-natives to have! At 11:00 tonight we are still in the same place as we were this morning. The steam boat that was to tow us up the river did not arrive until this time. So, we ate our rice, and prayed, read and slept while we waited. It seems to me that a very considerable part of one's life in China is spent in waiting, especially when traveling.

Although it is warm, it is very much cooler than Hankow, and we are enjoying the change. Some of the scenery is also very pretty.

About 11:00 the steamer, or small tug as we would call it at home, arrived, and we at once started on our journey, thanking God that we did not have to stay there all night. The natives had told us that there were many thieves around these places. This, for our consolation. They meant petty thieves, not bandits.

HAVE PITY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MUST MEAN TO GO HUNGRY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11. About three this morning we were awakened by the noise caused by our arriving at a small town where some of the passengers landed. Boys selling Chinese dainties were calling out their wares in a loud voice; sampans were moving here and there; and altogether there was as much noise as one could possibly want in the middle of the night. To add to the commotion, our Maria called to us to be careful of our shoes, as the *chong toa* (thieves) might come in to get them, or anything else that might be near the door. However, no one bothered us except one of the boatmen who had to bail water out of the hold of the boat. After we started again, everything was quiet until morning.

They tell us we may expect to arrive at Changteh tomorrow afternoon. We hope so. We are still enjoying our Chinese meals, and the natives are equally enjoying us. Every meal we eat is a signal for them to gather around the little door and windows; I counted ten at the door today. A little boy who came up from Hankow on the same boat with us has become our best friend, and stays here nearly all day, watching every chance to do some little service for us. He is a native of Hang Yang, and we are telling him to call on the Loretto Sisters when he returns. The poor little pagan! Sister Patricia Rose took his picture and he was delighted. A young woman passenger also made friends with us and came in each day, saying almost nothing, just sitting there. The more we see of the Chinese women, the better we like them.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12. We were straining our eyes all day for sight of Changteh, because it required the whole day to reach here. It was very hot today. One begins to lose track of time here, but I think it was about 9:00 p. m. when we reached the landing place. Father Agatho was outside as we neared the land, and came to our window to tell us to close the door, as some of the students who have been causing so much disturbance were nearby. We did so and also lowered our lantern, but in about two or three minutes Father Dominic appeared, all smiles as usual, and said there was no danger. Welcome news!

We all got into a sampan and went a short distance to the boat Father had hired to take us to Shenchow. We found that it is just like the one we travelled up the river in before, so we felt quite at home in it. After we had a little chat with Father Dominic and enjoyed a drink of cold water (the greatest luxury we could desire) and later a cup of coffee, Fathers Dominic and Agatho departed and we retired for the night. I wish I had the power of description to give a true picture of our sleeping quarters. They are funny. However, I can enjoy just as good a night's sleep in this bunk as I could at home, provided creeping things do not creep.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13. We passed a quiet night, and had the happiness of hearing two Masses this morning on board the boat. The Augustinian Fathers have invited us to stay at their Mission as we did before, but everyone agreed that as it is summer time we would be just as well off here on the boat. We cannot start up river until



ON THE YUAN RIVER NEAR SHENCHOWFU

"When the pontoon bridge spanned the river the junks were allowed to pass through an opening that was made from time to time. Here they are in action crowding through. It was luck that I had the focus and the speed correct for there was little time for computing either."—Father Theophane.

CAN YOU THINK OF CHILDREN STARVING AND WASTE EVEN A TRIFLE?

YOUR CHECK OR POSTAL MONEY ORDER WILL PREVENT SUFFERING, DEATH!

a convoy of boats accompanied by soldiers are ready to go, and it is not certain when that will be. Father Dominic hopes it will be in five or six days.

We started our Chinese lessons again this morning with Father Dominic. They were interrupted during the past two or three weeks, but we are getting some practice in the meantime, and trying our very limited vocabulary on the natives. Of course, we get *Ouh Tung* (don't understand) very often.

We all decided tonight that life on the Yangtze is not so bad after all. We are having foreign meals again, as Father Dominic would not hear of our eating native meals while we can get the other kind. We ourselves are acquiring quite a taste for rice with vegetables cut up in it.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14. After we heard two Masses on the boat and had our breakfast, we went over to the eight o'clock Mass at the Mission, and had dinner there at the Fathers' invitation. During the afternoon we visited our old friends, the Chang family, and of course received a royal welcome. The children from the mission school came in and showed their pleasure by begging us to give them some medals, etc., and escorting us out to the grounds to see the new building which the Fathers are putting up.

At 4:00 p.m. we went to Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which was preceded by the Stations of the Cross. Then we again went out to the grounds with the children, who were being entertained by Father Vincent and Father Dominic playing games with them. We came back to the boat for supper, more deeply impressed than ever by the piety, simplicity, zeal, and hospitality of the good Missionaries of China in general, and of the Augustinians in particular.

We were thinking and speaking of Father Edmund who is dead two months today. He was to have brought us to Changteh on this trip. Surely he is praying for our safe journey.

MONDAY, JUNE 15. Today we had dinner with the Changs. We ate a very hearty meal indeed, enjoyed every bit of it. These good people seem not to be able to do enough for us. They are kindness itself. Before the dinner, they played Chinese songs on their phonograph and treated us to tea, which latter beverage one drinks at intervals from the minute one arrives until one leaves.

When we came back to the boat, we learned that Father Dominic had been sent for by the Bishop and would have to leave tomorrow morning for Luchow, which is about a day and a half journey from here. He hopes to be back the latter part of the week. On Tuesday morning after Mass he boarded a sampan that would bring

him to the larger boat leaving this morning. His travels seem to have no end.

We studied Chinese by ourselves today, trying to memorize some questions to put to the natives when we arrive at Shenchow, such as: "How old are you?" "Where are you from?" "What is your name?" "What is your saint's name?" "Do you belong to the Mission?" "When were you baptized?" The more you ask them, the better they like it, we are told. No signs of starting up river yet. Father Dominic hopes to be back before the convoy begins the journey.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17. We had a visit today from Father Leopold, the Augustinian Father who was with us when we were held up by the bandits. He came over to the boat yesterday evening and again with Father Vincent this evening. We were very glad to see him, as we all feel very grateful to him. He looked much better than when we saw him last. Nothing new nor startling happened today. The great heat continues, but it is very cool at night.

Mr. Rose and Mr. Schulte came over to the boat this evening. Mr. Rose is the only foreigner here except the Missionaries, Catholic and Protestant. He has lived in China since the Boxer Uprising in 1900, so he knows much about China. He says that we are probably among the first or second hundred white people who have travelled as far as we expect to go. He represents a British Oil Company here.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18. The Augustinian Fathers insisted upon our taking dinner at the Mission this noon time, so we had to go over and we enjoyed a very good foreign meal. They are making elaborate preparations for tomorrow, as it is the patronal feast of the Mission, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Many of the priests have come in for it. They have invited us over for the Mass and procession. We stayed over there in the shade of some trees in the yard until 4:00 p.m. and then came back to study some more. It is very hot today.

Father Agatho heard that the convoy would not start for fifteen days, but later we were consoled with the news that it would start on the second of the Chinese month, perhaps four or five days from now. A telegram brought the good news that Father Dominic would be back tomorrow.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19. During the night we were awakened by screams from a neighboring boat. Of course we were very much frightened. We learned that a sampan, heavily loaded with stone and wood, had sunk, and the poor boat-man and his family narrowly escaped being drowned. It was pitiable to see them trying to save the wood which was drifting away.

RICE COSTS MONEY. THE POOR HAVE NONE. HAVE YOU ANY? DO GIVE!

Today, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, we attended all the ceremonies at the Mission Church, which included a sermon in Chinese, followed by a Solemn High Mass and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the day until about 5:00 p.m. Then there was a procession of all the Christians, eighteen or twenty priests and ourselves, which walked before the Blessed Sacrament around the grounds to the two shrines where Benediction was given. We then went back to the church and received our dear Lord's blessing for the third time. It was all most impressive, as the people show much piety and reverence, and one thinks of the tens of thousands outside the walls of the Mission who do not know of the existence of their God Who is so near them in the Blessed Sacrament.

Before we left the Mission grounds, we had to take a cup of tea in the Chang home. These dear people are a credit to the Church. They are always doing something for the priests and at the present time for us. We remarked when we returned to the boat that there is a look in the faces of the Christians that was lacking in those of the poor pagans.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20. The welcome news came today that we are to start for Shenchow tomorrow or Monday. The heat is intense although not as bad as yesterday. Father Agatho started down river for Hankow today. The Chang family came over this afternoon for a farewell visit. We laughed at the funny little hat and slippers and stockings which our Maria bought at Sister Finan's request for the baby in this family. They are all the colors of the rainbow.

We saw three or four sampans going down the river this morning, carrying a funeral. On top of the coffin sat a chicken, which is, according to pagan custom, supposed to be there for protection against the devil.

At a future time we will send you the account of our trip from Changteh to Shenchow, how we entered our future home and a description of the Convent of the Little Flower, St. Teresa, at Shenchow.

This issue of THE SIGN contains some of the best communications from China that we have published. We are sure that you will find them very enlightening and interesting. When you have finished the magazine, will you please give it to someone else? Last week we received \$500. for our chapel-fund. It was given by an American who was handed a copy of THE SIGN on her way to Europe.—EDITORS.

Our Church Invaded

By FATHER GODFREY HOLBEIN, C. P.

THE people in this Province of Hunan, especially in our district, are suffering from lack of food; what little there is, their pocket-books cannot touch. Last year's crop of rice is already exhausted. This condition of affairs is the result of the thousands of soldiers from other provinces, who have passed through here within the last year. What is worse is the grim fact that this year's crop has failed; no rain, at least not enough to produce rice. Unless we have rain every day for a month or more, a famine worse than that of three years ago is inevitable. Poor people! How much they have to suffer! Bandits, famine, plague by turns keep them on the rack. The sad point of it is they cannot avoid suffering, exquisite suffering, and yet they gain nothing for heaven by enduring it. Oh, for more priests to teach them the wondrous wealth hidden in their constant afflictions!

A few weeks ago, Father Gregory and myself were returning home from one of our mission stations. We had been in the saddle from seven o'clock in the morning, and dusk was fast approaching. To avoid the labyrinthine ways of rice fields, we took a pathless route on the bank of the river. We were beginning to feel the fatigue of the trip, particularly Father Gregory. Earlier in the day, he had been thrown into the river; his horse, I suppose because of the intense heat, plunged in over his head. As we rode along, our attention was attracted by a strange object in the river. Upon closer observation, we discovered it to be a baby. The child was evidently born only a short time before it met its watery grave. Of course it was a little girl. Its head had been eaten by fish, and the body was inflated and blackened. As I lifted it and carried it to the shore, I thought it would break in my arms. Father Gregory had a little grave prepared and we buried it. Poor children! Many others meet the same fate.

I had a little experience with Chinese soldiers a month ago. Bandits broke into one of our mission stations fifteen miles from Shenchow and demolished everything. I asked Father Dominic to ride up to it the following Saturday. As the bandits hid afterwards in the neighboring hills, he said the trip would be too dangerous. However when Saturday came, thinking the danger past, he granted me permission to go.

Though alone, I arrived safe at Wusu. To my surprise and anxiety, soldiers under a Protestant commander were in possession of the station. The guard stood at the door with fixed bayonet, but I passed him boldly and entered the place.

What a sight! Straw used as bedding by the soldiers covered the floor of the church and guns hung upon the walls. The scene made me angry, and I felt like clearing the whole place. But I had nothing more than two fists, while this miniature Chinese army had rifles, revolvers and, probably, knives.

Coolness and prudence on my part were in order, so I inquired of the soldiers where the commander was. "Next house," was the reply. There I passed another guard and entered. At a table the head of these property destroyers sat writing. Without delay or preamble, I informed him that I was an American Catholic priest and it was my duty to protest against him and the soldiers occupying the church. As I wished to hold services for the Catholic people on the following day, I requested him to order his men out of the place. The officer simply smiled and said I could go down to *Gu in Tang*, that is, to the Protestant church and have services there. I tried to explain to him it was a different religion. Any satisfaction from him seemed out of the question, so to show my disgust I walked out without drinking the customary tea.

Though the time was almost evening, I intended to return home. The Christians begged me to stay. "Where can I say Mass?" I asked. "In one of our homes," they answered. There were only a few soldiers in the house where I remained that night. Whether I could say Mass on the following morning depended on conditions, especially the attitude of the soldiers. My supper that night was somewhat of a Chinese puzzle—two eggs to be eaten with one chopstick. It is a feat to enjoy a meal when one has two chopsticks but to get along with only one!

Several times that evening, while I was engaged, the soldiers took my horse. Each time I made them dismount. Finally, an officer took it. Flanked on both sides of the street by his men, he gave them an exhibition of horsemanship. My little Mass server informed me what was going on. I went out and as the fellow came by I caught the bridle and ordered the man to dismount. This was humiliating before his men.

As the Chinese say, "he lost face." He showed some fight, but I suppose when he remembered that he had left his weapons in the church he did not care to continue. Immediately I removed the saddle and locked the horse in a barn for the night.

Had I wanted to sleep, it certainly would not have been possible to do so. The rats did not disturb me, for a dog slept at the foot of my bed, but the soldiers gambled the entire night. Only when their bugle blew at 5:00 a.m., was their game ended and the noise ceased. I got up at once and began preparations for Mass. Fortunately the soldiers had all gone out and during their absence I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. Several of the Christians who had assembled for Sunday Mass and prayers prepared an altar. It consisted of four barrels, with broad boards on top of them. All was covered over with cloth and the altar linens on top. It reminded me of the Stable of Bethlehem.

After Holy Mass and prayers, I breakfasted in the same way as on the previous evening at supper—eggs and one chopstick. As soon as the meal was over, I started on my return journey to Shenchow. We succeeded some days later in getting the soldiers out of the church. Their General, residing in Shenchow, wrote a letter to the commanding officer at Wusu, reminding him of the American Treaty and that our church there is American property.

Gemma's League

The following list of prayers and good works were offered for the Passionist Missions in China during the month of July:

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	8	Visits to Our Lady	29,244
Masses heard	24,957	Rosaries	27,794
Holy Communions	17,324	Beads of the Seven	
Visits to B. Sacrament	57,296	Dolors	7,184
Spiritual Communions	167,446	Ejaculatory Prayers	954,481,296
Benediction Services	16,341	Hours of Study, Reading	31,358
Sacrifices, Sufferings	114,414	Hours of Labor	62,760
Stations of the Cross	14,187	Acts of Kindness.	
Visits to the Crucifix	76,865	Charity	68,760
Beads of the Five		Acts of Zeal	56,390
Wounds	4,781	Prayers, Devotions	26,675
Offerings of PP.		Various Works	191,939
Blood	6,980,179		

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

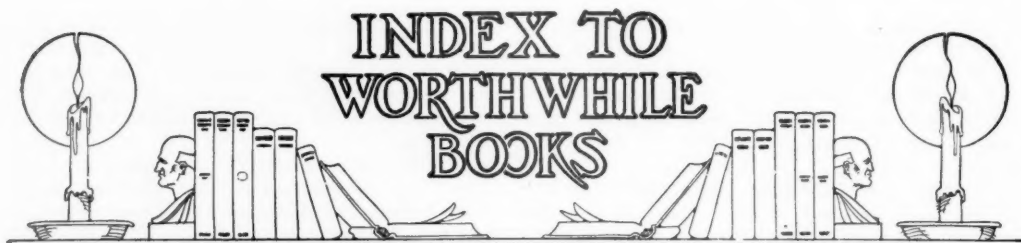
SISTER ANNA MARIE
HENRY FARRELL
ALEXANDER FYFE
HENRIETTA WEIR
JAMES CALLAGHAN
CHARLES MASON

ANNA V. LEONARD
LORETTO DEVINE
EDWARD LOHL
THOMAS McFARLANE
MR. & MRS. MARTIN
HOLLERAN
MR. DORNING
JOHN McANENY
CHARLES J. COLLINS
MARGARET M. GEGGIS
MRS. A. MANGAN
E. BROTHERS
ANN DOYLE
MRS. CATHERINE
LEECH
MR. MICHAEL GOULD

BRIDGET SULLIVAN
GEORGE McGOWAN
WILLIAM DUNN
JANE AUSTIN
MARY F. VAN WAGNER
MRS. M. MARTENS
MRS. ANNA KESSING
MARGARET O'BRIEN
PATRICK J. LAVIN
PATRICK McFARLANE
ELIZABETH McFARLANE
PATRICK CASEY
MRS. LEECH
CHARLES W. MILLER
MR. STAPLETON
ANN DOYLE

THOMAS F. CONLON
JOHN J. REDMOND
ANNA KISKER
MISS M. MAHONEY
EMMA LONG
JOHN HARNETT
ANNA KEANY
PETER FOX

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA. By John J. Wynne, S. J. The Universal Knowledge Foundation, New York. Price: \$1.50.

Father Wynne's tribute to the eight heroes unfolding our country's calendar of the Blessed is timely. In splendid fashion he has commemorated their beatification with a dedicatory volume. Still it is not a hasty compilation for the event. In the capacity of Vice-Postulator of the martyrs' cause, a reward for thirty-four years research work, he has found ample opportunity to conceive of it. It is the child of time and toil. The personal devotion permeating the pages can be gathered from the following: "Neither myth nor legend is needed by our country for the heroic story with which every people loves to immortalize its origins. Our earliest history is one of heroes who achieved their wonders, not by physical prowess merely, but by moral grandeur. Their most wonderful achievement is the incomparable devotion with which they, all men of exquisite culture and refinement, labored among human beings who had fallen from man's high estate into the depths of barbarism and depravity. In common with all heroes they were animated by the noblest passions; but they excelled in love, the greatest of all. They excelled also in the objects of their love, entirely devoid as it was of selfishness, and centered purely on the highest things, on God and on human souls. . . . Only for testimony which inspires conviction, what they endured would be incredible. Like giants they stand out among their own heroic associates. Their savage tormentors ate the hearts and drank the blood of Lalemant and Brebeuf, hoping to partake of their courage and endurance."

The author's competency for his task guarantees both moral and intellectual profit to the reader. In masterly manner he has encircled these spiritual giants in the frame of contemporary history. A note of historic trueness is among the book's best qualities. The Old France of Louis XIII, Colbert and Richelieu are colorfully contrasted with the New France of Algonquin and Huron. From the Jesuit schools of Paris to the war-councils of the Iroquois events pass in rapid succession, gripping while enlightening. The natural narrative style never shows to better advantage than in the gruesome scenes of martyrdom. Marauding savages harrowing with their war-hoop, intrepid missionaries preaching above the crackling flames of their funeral-pyres, are scenes worthy of the Coliseum. The book is an undeniable argument that Catholic works can cope with the "best seller" in sustaining interest, possessing in addition moral and mental stimulus.

A RETREAT FOR NUNS. By Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist. Published by Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C. Price: \$2.25.

Those acquainted with Father Elliott's pen, or experienced exercitants under this retreat-master, can

estimate the quality of his present publication. It is the product of pen and pulpit proficiency. Common-places of the religious life presented with uncommon attraction, ordinary retreat topics developed extraordinarily well, give the book a tone of superiority. Throughout resounds the note of Paulist's practicalness. No nook of the religious life but is searched in the light of Scripture, the Saints and good common-sense. Noteworthy is the simplicity of style characteristic of each meaty manuscript.

In common with similar productions the book is intended as auxiliary to professional retreat preachers. In addition "it is designed to interest parish priests in giving retreats, for which they would be found quite competent if they could but be induced to make the venture." While the proposal is novel, it is nevertheless reasonable. Let a pastor, "everybody's big father including the sisters" but peruse the preliminary chapters for inspiration. If hesitant to attempt a retreat, at least he will prepare the soil for the practiced retreat-master, by preaching periodically to the Nuns.

BLAZING THE TRAIL. Letters of Our First Missionary. Published by China Mission Seminary, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. Price: 15 cents.

Though we had entered upon a soured senility, "Blazing the Trail" would rejuvenate us. It awakens the pioneer spirit dormant in the most unromantic soul. It is a tale of christian charity amid pagan poverty, enlivened with rippling Celtic enthusiasm. The letters of Father Carey, the trail-breaker of the Chinese Mission Seminary, are human and from the heart. They abound in apostolic zeal. While but some fifty pages in bulk, the pamphlet's attractive appearance takes the eye as the letters do the mind. May we have more mission matter from the same source.

MONTHLY RECOLLECTION. By V. Rev. Canon Lescoubier. Benziger Bros. Price: 75 cents.

The primary purpose of this work is to facilitate the practice of monthly recollection. While there exists no dearth of material on this subject, the matter available is most too cumbersome to prove beneficial. A religious spiritually spent by the month's absorbing activities requires a pithy, practical recollection for recuperation. This is had in Monthly Recollection by way of eternal truths adapted to the individual duties of the religious. Eleven meditations accommodate themselves to the months subsequent on the annual retreat. Additional subjects on the "Yearly Retreat," "General and Particular Examination of Conscience," complete the table of contents. The following commendation expresses the admiration of the Bishop of Bruges: "We most willingly approve of this very pious book, and heartily wish it may be used by all our religious, both men and women." The demand for a third edition indicates the general esteem in which it is held.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

CIRCLES: Good Shepherd, \$5; Blessed Sacrament, \$150; Holy Souls, \$7; Holy Family, \$20; Eucharistic Circle, \$10; Sacred Heart, \$6.

CALIF: Pasadena, L. M. F. \$110.

CONN: Bridgeport, M. C. \$1; Anon. \$2; G. B. \$5; J. H. F. \$2; C. E. M. \$1; Anon. \$5; Stratford, G. Q. \$5.

D. C.: Brookland, W. A. D. \$1; Washington, M. J. F. \$1.

ILL.: Bloomington, D. A. H. \$1; Chicago, J. F. \$5; C. J. K. \$1; M. M. W. \$1; M. C. \$7; M. O. C. \$3; M. J. M. \$6; Friend, \$50; E. F. B. \$20; L. J. S. \$1; V. O. B. \$1; S. S. \$1; T. J. S. \$1.25; Mt. Carmel, A. L. G. \$5; Murphysboro, E. A. C. \$1; Oak Park, M. M. O. \$5.

KANS.: Leavenworth, M. J. J. \$5.

KY: Bellevue, F. C. R. \$2; Louisville, N. M. \$5; Owensboro, M. J. O. \$1.50.

MASS: Allston, M. J. M. \$10; W. T. \$3; Brookline, C. C. W. \$10; M. A. T. \$3; N. B. \$1; Charlestown, D. A. O. \$3; Dorchester, E. M. B. \$5; Holyoke, M. G. \$5; Ipswich, K. F. L. \$10; Lynn, K. M. \$1; Needham Heights, M. C. \$4.60; Newton Falls, E. M. J. \$10; Pittsfield, A. J. C. \$2; Revere, M. E. T. \$8; Somerville, M. W. C. \$1; So. Boston, M. D. \$1; Springfield, H. A. B. \$1; Lowell, M. F. \$1; West Newton, E. M. R. \$2; Wollaston, G. M. \$5; Woods Hole, K. T. D. \$9.

MD.: Baltimore, R. G. S. \$1; B. M. C. \$17; Anon. \$5; H. J. W. \$3; Towson, M. D. L. \$2.

MICH.: Detroit, M. A. F. \$5; Pinconning, M. F. G. \$2.

MO.: St. Louis, N. E. \$1; C. E. B. \$10; E. M. G. \$3.
N. J.: Arlington, K. C. G. \$2; A. E. \$1; F. E. J. \$1; A. G. \$1; J. G. L. \$3; Atlantic City, J. H. M. \$5; W. G. P. \$1; Bayonne, D. J. R. \$5; M. M. C. \$1; Belleville, M. J. F. \$2; Bernardville, M. M. S. \$6; Friend, \$2; M. H. W. \$1; Bloomfield, S. M. M. \$3; M. M. W. \$1; Camden, A. E. D. \$5; M. W. S. \$1; Cedar Grove, E. C. G. \$5; Convent, M. C. K. \$8; Anon. \$20; Cranford, E. F. L. \$2; Deal, M. A. W. \$2; Dover, J. K. \$1; Dumont, Friends, \$5; East Newark, S. C. \$1; East Orange, A. B. \$5; Edgewater, J. T. B. \$1; Anon. \$2; M. E. D. \$3; Elizabeth, M. O. B. \$2; G. S. \$9; J. R. M. \$5; M. A. F. \$1; Fairview, J. H. \$1; Fort Lee, M. F. D. \$5; M. H. S. \$1; Grantwood, M. S. \$5; M. A. C. \$1; M. I. G. \$3; M. J. H. \$2; Hackensack, A. K. \$3; Harrison, A. H. B. \$10; J. C. S. \$5; R. H. R. \$10; Hoboken, T. C. \$5; M. M. \$5.60; M. C. H. \$5; M. T. L. \$1; E. F. \$5; J. C. \$10; Jersey City, A. M. M. \$1; J. A. C. \$5; D. C. C. \$2.25; M. O. C. \$2.75; M. C. \$20; Friends, \$18; J. N. \$3; C. G. \$2; H. K. \$1; E. M. \$1; S. M. G. \$10; A. F. C. \$5; J. G. \$1; M. H. \$4.54; Madison, M. H. \$5; E. M. A. \$5; A. F. A. \$2.50; Midland Park, C. F. K. \$5; Newark, C. A. B. \$1; A. M. C. \$5; M. P. \$13; T. D. C. \$25; J. F. D. \$5; M. M. \$10; F. D. \$1; I. S. R. \$1; S. M. B. \$1; M. M. \$5; T. M. C. \$5; E. H. B. \$5; B. H. \$2; M. M. \$1; M. F. S. \$1; K. K. \$5; R. M. V. \$1; Newton, J. E. \$5; M. E. H. \$2; North Bergen, M. E. C. \$5; M. J. C. \$2; Nutley, J. A. W. \$5; Palisades Park, M. S. P. \$2; Passaic, Anon. \$1; Paterson, A. A. R. \$1; P. B. \$10; Princeton, H. A. D. \$5; Pt. Pleasant, N. L. M. \$10; Orange, C.

F. S. \$5; M. M. H. \$1; Rahway, D. M. M. \$5; Ridgewood, M. G. D. \$25; H. M. \$1.77; A. M. \$5; C. L. G. \$3; Roselle Park, M. T. B. \$2; Secaucus, A. E. \$2; Summit, M. M. \$2; M. T. L. \$2; Trenton, T. F. M. \$2; Union City, J. W. \$2; M. E. D. \$17.53; C. C. S. \$3; M. P. B. \$5; S. E. P. \$10; A. S. \$5; M. F. S. \$1; L. F. M. \$4; P. E. R. \$2; M. K. \$1.50; M. S. \$25; M. A. D. \$1; A. C. M. \$1; M. B. F. \$3; Anon. \$2; Anon. \$1; M. F. M. \$1; K. R. P. \$1; M. L. P. \$1; W. H. \$5; A. M. L. \$2; M. M. N. \$1; J. A. W. \$1; J. M. L. \$2; M. B. K. \$1; L. J. P. \$5; Anon. \$1.73; G. S. M. \$5; A. W. \$5; M. H. \$2; L. H. \$3; Anon. \$1; M. A. K. \$3; H. A. M. \$1; F. M. \$1; M. B. F. \$1; Weehawken, J. W. \$2; G. T. S. \$10; I. R. J. \$5; Westfield, H. F. M. \$1; West New York, M. A. M. \$1; Woodcliff, M. M. \$2.

N. Y. Astoria, C. G. M. \$1; M. A. S. \$1; Bayshore, M. D. B. \$2; Brightwaters, A. M. F. \$1; Brooklyn, R. L. \$1; P. C. G. \$2; S. E. G. \$2; J. B. \$1; C. S. \$2; K. L. P. \$1.50; M. M. H. \$3; J. J. L. \$1; B. D. N. \$1; F. B. S. \$4; M. M. H. \$10; Buffalo, M. M. V. \$1; A. M. D. \$1.50; S. M. A. \$2; Cold Spring Harbor, M. M. M. \$5; Corona, M. G. \$1; Dunkirk, M. R. \$1; E. H. D. \$5; Gabriels, D. M. K. \$10; Hollis, A. G. T. \$10 M. M. C. \$3.90; Jamaica, V. I. M. \$1; L. L. G. \$5; M. M. G. \$5; Jamestown, M. S. H. \$10; Larchmont, E. E. \$5; Little Neck, J. F. H. \$10; Long Island City, E. E. \$4.70; New York City, R. C. \$8; S. T. K. \$6; M. O. B. \$5; M. H. K. \$58; E. S. \$10; L. S. \$5; S. S. \$5; M. M. R. \$1; M. E. F. \$25; M. C. O. \$2; M. A. B. \$1; A. K. \$2; A. E. \$5; Anon. \$1; K. R. S. \$10; M. B. \$10; J. J. K. \$2; M. M. S. \$2; M. A. B. \$2; Niagara Falls, S. M. B. \$3; Port Richmond, K. J. D. \$5; Poughkeepsie, L. A. S. \$1; Richmond Hill, H. F. B. \$5; Schenectady, A. T. \$1; M. M. P. \$2.10; W. E. P. \$1; J. L. \$1; Springfield, A. J. P. \$1; Tuckahoe, E. M. S. \$1; Yonkers, H. H. \$1.

OHIO: Cincinnati, M. H. J. \$2; F. R. \$10; M. J. D. \$1; N. B. \$1200; M. C. \$10; Anon. \$5; F. A. B. \$5; D. A. L. \$5; M. A. N. \$5; J. F. H. \$2; Cleveland, M. F. K. \$2; Columbus, E. E. P. \$3.10; Mt. Vernon, F. M. G. \$25.

ONTARIO: Hastings, M. H. \$1.

PA.: Avalon, G. H. H. \$1; M. H. \$2; Archbald, P. J. F. \$5; Ashley, B. C. \$6; M. A. B. \$1; J. V. H. \$25; Bristol, C. F. B. \$5; Carbondale, M. J. M. \$2; Dunmore, W. A. J. \$2; M. K. B. \$15; Erie, Anon. \$1; Freeport, S. J. S. \$1; Greensburg, P. J. A. \$1; Monaca, A. G. \$1; Philadelphia, M. N. M. \$10; A. M. C. \$2; J. C. D. \$1; S. M. J. \$5; F. M. G. \$1; H. M. H. \$2; J. P. H. \$1; A. C. \$2; Anon. \$1; M. M. \$2; M. M. P. \$1; L. E. K. \$5; S. M. \$1; Pittsburgh, M. T. H. \$1; A. M. C. \$1; J. M. \$5; J. G. \$5; C. M. S. \$3; B. R. \$1; C. P. \$5; M. A. K. \$1; J. A. E. \$1; A. J. A. \$2; M. C. M. \$5; S. Y. \$1.25; G. J. L. \$5; Anon. \$3; G. S. \$1; M. A. A. \$1; Anon. \$1; Pittston, M. W. \$1; Scranton, R. G. S. \$10; I. H. M. \$25; M. M. \$2.85; P. F. C. \$2; C. M. H. \$18.20; M. H. \$1; St. David, D. B. \$2; Spangler, R. M. C. \$5; Washington, M. D. \$1; Williamsport, T. J. S. \$5.

R. I.: Providence, B. A. D. \$1; A. M. D. \$5.

S. DAK.: Sioux Falls, M. E. A. \$1.

VT.: Lunenburg, M. M. K. \$1.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDoubtedly, some of our readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity.....	\$250.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$515.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$410.00
St. Michael	\$180.00
St. Joseph	\$220.00
St. Patrick	\$200.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$240.00
St. Gabriel	\$230.00
St. Rita.....	\$115.00
Little Flower.....	\$240.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$10,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$10,015.00

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of **THE SIGN**
UNION CITY, N. J.

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want,—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
Union City, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Summit Avenue and Demott Street
TRANSFER STATION
UNION CITY, N. J.
At Close of Business, June 30th, 1925

ASSETS

U. S. Government Bonds - - - \$511,229.86
State, County and City Bonds - - - 515,760.05
Railroad and other Bonds - - - 1,210,108.98
First Mortgages on Real Estate - 1,831,133.25
Loans and Notes Purchased - - - 888,353.79
Cash on Hand and in Banks - - - 267,185.54
Accrued Interest Receivable - - - 57,307.39
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures - 85,001.00

\$5,365,079.83

LIABILITIES

Capital - - - \$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - - 191,962.63
Earnings Discount - - - 3,963.41
Reserved for Interest, Taxes
and Contingencies - - - 31,441.64
Reserved for Dividend No. 26 - - - 6,000.00
Deposits - - - 4,832,712.18

\$5,365,079.85

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

A Banking House of Merit

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPLESSNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

BUSINESS FIRMS and
All business entrusted to us will
attention.

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday Evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:00 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at
the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnel Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
of the Largest Laundry in America. He
was astonished to find cleanliness and
sanitation brought to perfection, he has
found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,
their pay and their employers. Patrons
are always invited to visit this large
plant and see for themselves the
process of washing and ironing. The
Brunswick Laundry's policy has always
been fair play to all employees and
customers. We gladly recommend
this firm to our readers.

The Passionists

SKETCHES: HISTORICAL AND
PERSONAL

By The Very Rev. Felix Ward, C. P.

This splendid volume contains the history of
the Passionist Order with special chapters
on its growth in the United States.

It is charmingly written by one who is
thoroughly familiar with the traditions of
the Order and has had ready access to its
historical documents.

This book will interest the general historian
and the student of Church History. It will
be a rich addition to the libraries of Reli-
gious Communities. It has a personal appeal
for the friends of the Passionist Fathers.

Price, \$4.00

Postage, 20 Cents

Please Address Request for your copy to:

THE SIGN

Union City,

New Jersey

As Long As

"AS LONG AS YOU DID IT TO THE LEAST OF MY BRETHREN
YOU DID IT UNTO ME!" THIS IS OUR LORD'S OWN GUARANTEE.
ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD?

AGAIN there comes from our Missionaries news of famine. Do you know what that means? It means a time when the Missionary's heart must be staunch, indeed, not to break beneath the strain. It means gruesome, heart-rending scenes, agonizing cries, terrifying diseases, untold misery and widespread death.

PICTURE to yourself the long, winding, dusty roads of China lined for miles with dead and dying. Imagine that from all sides you can hear the pleading cries for food. Place yourself within a Passionist Chinese Mission. Look yonder through the window. See there a mother with her little ones huddled about her. She has come from afar. She has bravely struggled forward until she could only crawl upon her knees. The flesh is worn from the bones and her garments are mere bits of rag. In her arms she clasps her youngest baby, once the joy of her life, now merely a corpse. By her side stand her other babes ranging in years from two to six. Her mother-love urges her forward, ever forward but she can go no further. Her voice has long since been silenced by starvation, but her eyes, those high lights of the soul, are begging you, pleading with you to save her babes from starvation. And those babes, how they cry for just a little something to eat!

THE poor Missionary beholds not only this group but hundreds, thousands like it. He hears their cries night and day. Their very presence haunts his sleep. And as he beholds them around his shelter, his thoughts travel to America. He thinks of the crowded beaches, parks and places of amusement. The overcrowded theatres and dance-halls echo with peals of laughter and merriment. Everywhere pleasures, joys, happiness. Americans are regaling themselves in luxury, while outside his very doors human beings are dying by the thousands because they have nothing to eat!

AMERICAN Catholics, we call upon you for help. We beg of you to forego merely some pleasure, to sacrifice some trivial amusement and send some help to your fellow-beings in China. If only each one who reads this would send us something, how many human lives could be saved! Send your donations *now*. Human life will not wait. Men, women and children are starving *today*. Tomorrow, unless you help, they will be dead. Act now and you will be happy for having helped in saving human lives. You will not receive a hero medal but God will know and that's enough! You cannot answer this appeal too soon. **DO** answer it **NOW**.

{ PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATIONS TO
THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY }

